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A

A

Ah!  
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SONG

## SONG I.

**O** H! how could I venture to *love* one like  
thee;  
Or thou not despise a poor Conquest like me?  
*Or thou not despise, &c.*

On *Lords*, thy Admirers, could'st look with Disdain,  
And tho' I was nothing, yet pity my Pain.

*And tho' I was nothing, &c.*

You said, while they teaz'd you with Nonsense and  
Dress,

When real the *Passion*, the Vanity's less:  
You saw thro' that Silence which others despise,  
And, while *Beaux* were talking, read *Love* in my Eyes.

Oh! when shall I fold you, and *kiss* all your Charms,  
Till, fainting with Pleasure, I die in your Arms;  
Thro' all the wild Transports of Extasy tost,  
Till, sinking together, together we're lost?

Oh! where is the *Maid* that like thee ne'er can cloy,  
Whose Wit can enliven the dull Pause of Joy;  
And when the short Transports are all at an End,  
From beautiful *Mistress*, turn sensible Friend?

In vain could I praise you, or strive to reveal,  
Too nice for Expression, what only we feel;  
In all that you do, in each Look and Mien,  
The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen.

When I see you, I *love* you, but hearing *adore*,  
I wonder, and think you a *Woman* no more;  
Till, mad with admiring, I cannot contain,  
And, *kissing* those Lips, you grow *Woman* again.

With thee in my Bosom, how can I despair ?  
 I'll gaze on thy *Beauty*, and look away Care ;  
 I'll ask thy Advice when with Trouble oppress'd,  
 Which never displeases, yet always is best.

In all that I write I'll thy Judgment require,  
 Thy *Taste* shall correct what thy *Love* did inspire ;  
 I'll *kiss* thee, and press thee, till *Youth* is all o'er,  
 And then live on Friendship, when *Passion's* no more.

## S O N G II.

**Y**<sup>E</sup> *Swains* that are courting a *Maid*,  
 Be warn'd and instructed by me :  
 Tho' small Experience I've had,  
 I'll give you good Counsel and free.  
 For *Women* are changeable Things,  
 And seldom a Moment the same ;  
 As Time a Variety brings,  
 Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

*Their Looks, &c.*

But *he* who in *Love* would succeed,  
 And his *Mistress's* Favour obtain,  
 Must mind it as sure as his Creed,  
 To make Hay while the *Sun* is serene.  
 There's a Season to conquer the *Fair*,  
 And that's when they're merry and gay ;  
 To catch the Occasion take Care,  
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll assay.

## S O N G III.

**H**O W blest has my Time been ! what Days have  
 I known,  
 Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made *Jessy* my own !  
 So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,  
 That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving is Pain,  
*That Freedom is tasteless, &c.*

Thro'



Thro' Walks, grown with Wood-bines, as often we  
stray,

Around us, our *Boys* and *Girls* frolick and play ;  
Tho' pleasing their Sport is, th' Wanton may see,  
They borrow their Looks from my *Jessy* and me,  
*They borrow, &c.*

To try her sweet Temper, oft'times am I seen  
In Revels all Day, with the *Nymphs* of the Green :  
Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,  
And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles,  
*And meets me at Night, &c.*

What tho' on her *Cheeks* the Rose loses its Hue,  
Her Ease and good Humour bloom all the Year thro' :  
Time still, as he flies, adds Increase to her Truth,  
And gives to her *Mind* what he steals from her Youth,  
*And gives to her Mind, &c.*

Ye *Shepherds* so gay, who make *Love* to insnare,  
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous *Fair* ;  
In search of true Pleasure, how vainly you roam ?  
To hold it for Life, you must find it at Home,  
*To hold it for Life, &c.*

#### S O N G   I V .

**I** Sing not of *Battles* that now are to cease,  
Nor carols my *Muse* in the Praise of a *Peace*,  
*Nor carols, &c.*

To shew that she's oft in good Company seen,  
She humbly begs Leave to sing *Monfieur Pantin*,  
*She humbly begs, &c.*

Examine all round, and at length you will own,  
His Likenesses daily are met with in Town ;  
Then let me my *Song* undisturbed begin,  
And shew all his *Brothers* to *Monfieur Pantin*,  
*And shew all his, &c.*

And first, pray observe that fine Thing made for Show,  
That Compound of Powder and Nonsense, a *Beau* ;

So limber his *Joints*, and so strange in his *Mein*,  
That you cry, as he walks, look you, there's a *Pantin*,  
*That you cry, &c.*

How oft have you heard that the *Ladies* love Change,  
And from one Entertainment to t'other will range?  
In this they are constant, what Difference was seen,  
When they laid down the *Fribble*, and took the *Pantin*,  
*When they, &c.*

Then all you fair *Lasses* who bloom like the Morn,  
Who seek not your *Beauties* by Art to adorn;  
When I see on your Bosoms this little Machine,  
I own I am jealous of happy *Pantin*,  
*I own, &c.*

Ye *Youths* who have Parts, tho' ye often wear Lace,  
No longer let *Foplings* your Merit disgrace,  
But attack the fair *Maid* with a resolute Mien,  
Till she clasps her young *Lover*, and burns her *Pantin*,  
*Till she clasps, &c.*

## S O N G V.

**W**HY, *Celia*, with that gay Behaviour,  
Do you meet *Amintor's* Flame;  
Why deny him ev'ry Favour,  
That so much adores your Name?  
Adores it too with such a *Passion*,  
*Fervent, lasting, and divine*;  
That would from all *Hearts* draw Compassion,  
All but that hard *Heart* of thine.

*Gods*, why thus d'ye waste your Graces?  
Why thus bountiful in vain?  
Why give *Devils* *Angels* Faces,  
First to please and then disdain.  
Where ever was a *beauteous* Creature,  
That bore Lightning in her Eye,  
But to her *Lover* shew'd ill Nature,  
And could smile to see him die?

'Tis true, at last, *Heaven's* Indignation,  
 Causeless Hatred to reprove,  
 Makes her doat with equal Passion,  
 On some *Youth* averse to *Love*;  
 One that regardless fees her languish,  
 Like a with'ring Lilly pine!  
 O pity then *Amintor's* Anguish,  
 Or that Fate may soon be thine.

## SONG VI.

**He.** LET *Rakes* for Pleasure range the Town,  
 Or *Misers* doat on golden Guineas,  
 Let Plenty smile, or Fortune frown,  
 The Sweets of *Love* are mine and *Jenny's*,  
 Mine and *Jenny's*, mine and *Jenny's*,  
 The Sweets of *Love* are mine and *Jenny's*.

**She.** Let wanton *Maids* indulge Desire,  
 How soon the fleeting Pleasure gone is!  
 The Joys of *Virtue* never tire,  
 And such shall still be mine and *Johnny's*,  
 Mine and *Johnny's*.

**He.** Together let us sport and play,

**She.** And live in Pleasure where no Sin is:

**He.** The *Priest* shall tie the Knot To-day,

**She.** And *Wedlock's Bands* make *Johnny Jenny's*,  
*Johnny Jenny's*, &c.

**She.** Together let us sport and play,

And live in Pleasure where no Sin is:

The *Priest* shall tie the Knot To day,

And *Wedlock's Bands* make *Johnny Jenny's*,  
*Johnny Jenny's*, &c.

**He.** Together let us, &c.

**He.** Let roving *Swains* young *Hearts* invade,

The Pleasure ends in Shame and Folly;

So *Willy* woo'd, and then betray'd,

The poor believing, simple *Molly*,

*Simple Molly*, &c.

*She.*

*She.* So *Lucy* lov'd and lightly toy'd,  
 And laugh'd at harmless *Maid*s who marry,  
 But now she finds her *Shepherd* cloy'd,  
 And chides too late her faithless *Harry*,  
*Faithless Harry, &c.*

*He.* But we'll together, &c. [*Here is sung the same as the third, fourth, and fifth Verse, and also at the End.*]

*He.* By cooling Streams our Flocks we'll feed,  
 And leave Deceit for *Knaves* and *Ninnies* ;  
 Or fondly stray where *Love* shall lead,  
 And every Joy be mine and *Jenny's*,  
*Mine and Jenny's, &c.*

*She.* Let Guilt the faithless Bosom freight,  
 The constant Heart is always bonny ;  
 Content and Peace, and sweet Delight,  
 And *Love* shall live with me and *Johnny*,  
*Me and Johnny, &c.*

*He.* Together then we'll sport, &c.

## S O N G   V I I .

**T**O make the *Wife* kind, and to keep the *House*  
 still,

You must be of her Mind, let her say what she will :  
 In all that she does, you must give her her Way,  
 For tell her she's wrong, and you'll lead her astray.

Then *Husbands* take care,  
 : Of Suspicious beware,  
 Your *Wives* may be true,  
 If you fancy they are :

With Confidence trust them, and be not such *Elves*,  
 As to make by your Jealousy *Horns* for yourselves.

*With Confidence trust, &c.*

Abroad all the Day if she chances to roam,  
 Seem pleas'd with her Absence, she'll sigh to come  
 Home :

The



The *Man* she likes best, and longs most to be at,  
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.

Then *Husbands* take care, &c.

What *Virtue* she has, you may safely oppose;  
Whatever her *Follies* are, praise her for those:  
Approve all her *Schemes* that she lays for a *Man*,  
For name but a *Vice*, and she'll *fin* if she can.

Then *Husbands* take care,

Of *Suspitions* beware,

Your *Wives* may be true,

If you fancy they are:

With Confidence trust them, and be not such *Elves*,  
As to make by your Jealousy *Horns* for yourselves.

With Confidence, &c.

### S O N G V I I I.

A H, *Chloe*! thou Treasure, thou Joy of my *Breast*,  
Since I parted from thee, I'm a Stranger to Rest;  
I fly to the *Grove*, there I languish and mourn,  
There sigh for my *Charmer*, and long to return.  
The Fields all around me are smiling and gay,  
But they smile all in vain, for my *Chloe*'s away:  
The Fields and the Groves can afford me no Ease—  
But bring me my *Chloe*, a Desert will please.

But bring me, &c.

No *Virgin* I see that my *Bosom* alarms,  
I'm cold to the *Fairest*, tho' glowing with Charms;  
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the Eye,  
These are not the Looks of my *Chloe*, I cry:  
These Looks where bright *Love*, like the *Sun*, sits en-  
thron'd,  
And smiling, diffuses his Influence round.  
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my *Charmer*, amaz'd:  
Thus view'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd while I  
gaz'd.

Thus view'd thee, &c.

Then,

Then, then, the dear Charmer was still in my Sight,  
 It was Pleasure all Day ! it was Rapture all Night !  
 But now by hard Fortune remov'd from my Fair,  
 In secret I languish a Prey to Despair.  
 But Absence and Torment abate not my Flame,  
 My *Ghlo's* still charming, my Passion's the same ;  
 O wou'd she preserve me a Place in her Breast,  
 Then Absence would please me, for I should be blest.

*Then Absence, &c.*

### S O N G IX.

**M**OURN, hapless, *Caledonia ! mourn*  
 Thy banish'd Peace, thy Laurel torn ;  
 Thy Sons, for Valour long renown'd.  
 Lie slaughter'd on their native Ground !  
 Thy hospitable Roofs no more  
 Invite the *Stranger* to the Door ;  
 In smoky Ruins sunk they lye,  
 The Monuments of Cruelty.

*The Monuments of Cruelty.*

The wretched *Owner* sees afar,  
 His All become the Prey of War,  
 Bethinks him of his *Babes* and *Wife*,  
 Then smites his Breast, and curses *Life !*  
 Thy *Swains* are famish'd on the Rocks,  
 Where late they fed their wanton Flocks !  
 Thy ravish'd *Virgins* shriek in vain,  
 Thine *Infants* perish on th' Plain :

*Thine Infants, &c.*

What boots it, that on every Clime,  
 Thro' the wide spreading Waste of Time,  
 Thy martial Glory crown'd with Praise,  
 Still shone with undeminish'd Blaze ?  
 Thy tow'ring Spirit now is broke,  
 Thy Neck is bended to the Yoke !  
 What foreign Arms could never quell,  
 By Civil Rage and Rancour fell !

*By Civil, &c.*

The

The rural *Pipe* and merry Lay  
 No more shall cheer the happy Day !  
 No social Scenes of gay Delight,  
 Beguile the dreary Winter Night !  
 No Strains but those of *Sorrow* flow,  
 And nought be heard but Sounds of *Woe* !  
 While the pale *Phantoms* of the Slain  
 Glide nightly o'er the silent Plain !

*Glide nightly o'er, &c.*

O *baleful* Cause ! O *fatal* Morn,  
 Accurs'd to Ages yet unborn !  
 The Sons against their *Fathers* stood !  
 The Parent shed his *Childrens* Blood !  
 Yet when the Rage of *Battle* ceas'd,  
 The Victor's Soul was not appeas'd ;  
 The Naked and Forlorn must feel  
 Devouring *Flames* and *murdering* Steel !

*Devouring Flames, &c.*

The pious *Mother*, doom'd to Death,  
 Forsaken wanders o'er the Heath,  
 The bleak Wind whistles round her Head,  
 Her hapless *Orphans* cry for Bread ;  
 Bereft of Shelter, Food or Friend,  
 She views the Shades of Night descend ;  
 And, stretch'd beneath *inclement* Skies,  
 Weeps o'er her tender *Babes* and dies !

*Weeps o'er her tender, &c.*

While the warm *Blood* bedews my Veins,  
 And unimpair'd Remembrance reigns,  
 Resentment of my Country's Fate  
 Within my *filial* Breast shall beat ;  
 And, spight of her insulting *Foe*,  
 My sympathizing Verse shall flow.  
 Mourn, hapless *Caledonia* ! mourn  
 Thy banish'd Peace, thy *Laurel* torn !

*Thy banish'd, &c.*

S O N G

## SONG X.

**J**OVE, when he saw my *Fanny's* Face,  
 With wond'rous Passion mov'd,  
 Forgot the Care of Human Race,  
 And felt at last he lov'd,  
 And felt at last he lov'd :

Then to the *God* of soft Desire  
 His Suit he thus address :

I *Fanny* love with mutual Fire,  
 O touch her tender *Breast* !

I *Fanny* love with mutual Fire,  
 O touch her tender *Breast* !

Your Sighs are hopeless, *Cupid* cries,  
 I lov'd the *Maid* before :

What ! rival me—the *Pow'r* replies,  
 Whom *Gods* and *Men* adore :

*Whom Gods, &c.*

He grasp'd the *Bolt*, he shook the *Springs*  
 Of his imperial *Throne* ;

While *Cupid* wav'd his rosy *Wings*,  
 And in a Breath was gone.

*While Cupid, &c.*

O'er Earth and Stars the *Godhead* flew,  
 But still no Shelter found ;  
 For as he fled his Danger grew,  
 And Lightnings flash'd around.

*And Lightnings, &c.*

At last his trembling Fear impells  
 His Flight to *Fanny's* Eyes :

Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,  
 Nor minds his native Skies.

*Where happy, &c.*



## SONG XI.

*Aminor.* **P***astora's come with Myrtle crown'd,  
To bless her fond Aminor's Side,  
To bless her fond Aminor's Side.*

*The Sun, in his extensive Round,  
Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a Bride,  
Ne'er saw so sweet, so fair a Bride.*

*Pastora.* If to be true is sweet and fair,  
*Pastora with Lucinda vies,*  
*Pastora, &c.*

And sweeter she, than is the Air,  
That fleets beneath *Arabian Skies,*  
*That fleets, &c.*

*Aminor.* The Fields and Groves, each Hill and Vale,  
Have witness'd to my faithful Vow;  
*Have, &c.*

Long had I sigh'd my am'rous Tale,  
But every Care's requited now,  
*But every, &c.*

*Pastora.* Without a Blush, I here repeat  
What to the *Nymphs* I told before,  
*What to thee, &c.*

For thee my tender *Heart* does beat,  
Possess'd of thee I ask no more,  
*Possess'd of thee I ask, &c.*

*Aminor.* Thus with this Wreath I crown thy Brow,  
And with this *Kiss* my Love I seal,  
*And with this Kiss, &c.*

And may I, when I break my Vows,  
The Pangs of tortur'd *Lovers* feel,  
*The Pangs, &c.*

*Pastora.* Should I, ungrateful to my *Swan,*  
Afflict him with domestic Strife,  
*Afflict him, &c.*

May I be driven from the Plain,  
By every virtuous *Maid and Wife,*  
*By every virtuous Maid and Wife.*

SONG

## SONG XII.

**N**ATURE for Defence affords  
*Fins to Fish, and Wings to Birds ;*  
*Hooves to Horses, Claws to Bears,*  
*Swiftness to the fearful Hares.*

*Man's endow'd with Art and Sense,*  
 What has *Woman* for Defence ?  
*Beauty* is their Shield and Arms,  
*Women's Weapons* are their *Charms.*

*Beauty's Power* makes us feel  
 Deeper Wounds than those of Steel ;  
*Strength* and *Wit* before it fall,  
*Beauty* triumphs over all.

## SONG XIII.

**T**HOU calm-ray'd *Spring*, whose blooming Face  
 Leads on the Year renew'd ;  
 Thou Ornament, thou brightest Grace,  
 Of Times Extent review'd.  
 Thy Verdure doth each Meadow deck ;  
 By thee each spangled Bed  
 Of Violets and Daisies flush or fresh,  
 By constant Care are fed,  
*By constant Care are fed.*

To thee their snowy Blossoms owe  
 Each future fruitful Tree ;  
 The Birds that charm, their Notes do show,  
 Tuneful in Joy for thee.  
 Thus every *Nymph*, and faithful *Swain*,  
 With earnest Wish desire ;  
 Th' Inhabitants of Mount and Plain,  
 And Vale, all thee admire.

## SONG XIV.

**A**Ttend all ye modern young *Lasses* so gay,  
 Let not such base Envy your Fancies dismay ;  
 I resolute bent in your Cause do appear,  
 For what is a *Woman* now, without an Air ?  
 I resolute bent in your Cause do appear,  
 For what is a *Woman* now, without an Air ?

*For what is a, &c.*

Tho' *Fame* has declar'd with her oft erring Sound,  
 Our—good ancient *Dames* were in *Fardingales* bound ;  
 Yet in other Extreame, the said *Goddess* declares,  
 That they had as many vain Whimfies and Airs.

*For what is a, &c.*

Their *Furbelow'd Scarves*, and their *Rumps* then in  
*Taste*,

Their *Pettycoats* richly bespangled with *Lace* ;  
 With *scarlet silk Stockings* to set off their *Ware*,  
 Which is plain, as with us, that they then had their Air,

*For what is a, &c.*

And now 'tis the Fashion, each *spindle-shank'd Beau*,  
 In's scanty short *Garments*, struts on like a *Crow* ;  
 While we in our Turn, in the Mode to appear,  
 Instead of *curtailing*, spread ours with an Air.

*For what is a, &c.*

But yet if this Fashion continues, then mine  
 From *Seven* shall soon be extended to *Nine* ;  
 'To maul such poor *Coxcombs* in Spite of their Jeer,  
 And we'll bang their *Shins* as we flaunt with an Air.

*For what is a, &c.*

## SONG XV.

He. **B**E still, O ye Winds, and attentive ye *Savains*,  
 'Tis *Phæbe* invites and replies to my Strains :  
 The *Sun* never rose on, search all the World thro',  
 A *Shepherd* so blest, or a fair One so true,  
 A *Shepherd* so blest, or a fair One so true.

C

She.

*She.* Glide softly ye Streams, O ye *Nymphs* round me  
throng,

'Tis *Collin* commands, and enlivens my Song :  
Search all the World over, you never can find  
A Maiden so blest, or a *Shepherd* so kind,  
A Maiden, &c.

*Chorus both.*

'Tis *Love*, like the *Sun*, that gives Light to the  
Year,  
The sweetest of Blessings that *Life* can endear :  
Our Pleasures it brightens, drives Sorrow away,  
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day,  
Gives Joy, &c.

*He.* When *Phæbe* beside me, the Seasons how gay !  
And Winter's bleak Months are as pleasant as  
*May* ;  
The Summer's gay Verdure still springs as she  
treads,  
And Linnets and Nightingales sing thro' the  
Meads,  
And Linnets, &c.

*She.* When *Collin* is absent, 'tis Winter all round,  
How faint is the *Sunshine*, how barren the  
Ground !  
Instead of the Linnets and Nightingales Song,  
I hear the hoarse Raven croak all the Night long,  
I hear the hoarse Raven, &c.

(Here the Chorus.)

*He.* O'er Hill, Dale, and Valley, my *Phæbe* and I  
Together will wander, and *Love* shall be by ;  
Her *Collin* shall guard her safe all the long Day,  
And *Phæbe* at Night all his Pains shall repay,  
And *Phæbe*, &c.

*She.* By Moon-light, when Shadows glide over the  
Plain,  
His Kisses shall cheer me, his Arms shall sustain ;  
The



The dark haunted Grove I can trace without  
 Fear,  
 And sleep in a Cottage if *Collin* is near,  
*And sleep, &c.*

(*Here the Chorus.*)

*He.* Ye *Shepherds* that wanton it over the Plain,  
 How fleeting your *Transports*, how lasting your  
 Pain?

Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind *She*,  
 And learn to be happy from *Phoebe* and me,  
*And learn to be, &c.*

*She.* Ye *Nymphs* who the Pleasures of *Love* never try'd,  
 Attend to my Strains, and take me for your  
 Guide:

Your Hearts keep from *Pride* and *Inconstancy* free,  
 And learn to be happy from *Collin* and me,  
*And learn to be, &c.*

# SONG XVI.

FROM scourging *Rebellion*, and baffling proud  
*France*,  
 Crown'd with Laurels, behold *British William* ad-  
 vance:

His Triumph to grace, and distinguish the Day,  
 The *Sun* brighter shines, and all Nature looks gay.

Your *Glasses* charge high;

'Tis in *brave William's* Praise,

To his *Glory* your *Voices* and *Instruments* raise.

While lost in soft Pleasure we courted Repose,  
 Our *Hero* flew forth, tho' the Streams round him  
 froze:

To guard us from *Tyrants*, each *Danger* defy'd,  
 And wou'd conquer or die by fair *Liberty's* Side.

*Your Glasses, &c.*

*Peace* comes in his Train, fairest Offspring of Sky,  
 Ev'ry Bliss in her Smile, ev'ry Charm in her Eye:

While that Foe to Man, that worst *Fiend* Civil War,  
Is gnashing her *Teeth*, and fast bound to his *Car*.

*Your Glasses, &c.*

How hateful the *Monarch*, who lur'd by false Fame,  
To satiate his Pride, sets the World in a Flame!  
How glorious the *King*, whose intelligent Mind,  
Makes Grandeur consist in protecting Mankind!

*Your Glasses, &c.*

Ye *Warriors* on whom we just Honours bestow,  
O think on the Source whence our Evils do flow:  
Commanded by *William*, attack next the *Gaul*,  
And bind those in Chains, who wou'd *Britons* en-  
thrall.

*Your Glasses, &c.*

# SONG XVII.

**T**O the Words that I sing, Fellow-subjects attend,  
Believe them for *Truth*, and the Thoughts of a  
Friend;

As long as ye wisely and jointly agree,  
None can be so happy, so happy, so happy,  
None can be so happy, since none are so free.

To fill a *Subscription*, then chearfully join,  
That is rais'd in Defence of the Protestant Line.

By *Subscription* so strengthen'd, despise ev'ry Sleight,  
None can do you wrong, while you do yourselves  
Right:

As long as great *George* is your mighty Defender,  
Regard not the *Devil*, the *Pope*, or *Pretender*.

But let us *subscribe*, and most chearfully join,

To assist our good *King*, and the Protestant Line.

We'll not be oblig'd after *Friars* to dandle,  
To be curs'd when they please, by their *Bell*, *Book*,  
and *Candle*;

But *Britons* repugnant, to *Papal* Submission,  
Shall laugh at proud *Rome*, and her damn'd Inquisition.

Without any Restraint then, most chearfully join,  
In the Cause of the *King*, and the Protestant Line.

'Tis

'Tis *George* that we honour, for *George* we subscribe,  
 And I'll warrant we scatter the Vagabond Tribe;  
 The *Duke* shall disperse ev'ry Object of Fear,  
 And drive them to *Rome*, we've no Room for them  
 here.

Fill up your *Subscription*, for Time's on the Wing,  
 And let each loyal Subject say, *God save the King*;

## S O N G XVIII.

**B**ritannia sees brave *William* shine,  
 The Bulwark of her Fame,  
 And bids each grateful *Briton* join,  
 To celebrate his Name.

In *Chorus* then your Voices raise,  
 To *William's* Glory, *William's* Praise.

This happy Isle no more shall dread,  
*Rebellion's* lawless Band;

With bold Invasion at its Head,  
 While *William* has Command.

In *Chorus* then your Voices raise,  
 To *William's* Glory, *William's* Praise.

Our *Properties*, *Religion*, *Laws*,  
 No Change shall undergo;

For valiant in *Britannia's* Cause,  
 The *Duke* has quell'd our Foe.

In *Chorus* then your Voices raise,  
 To *William's* Glory, *William's* Praise.

*George* only rules to keep us free,  
 For this does *William* fight;

While *Britain's* Goddess *Liberty*  
 Bids all her Sons unite.

And ev'ry Voice in *Chorus* raise,  
 To *George's*, and to *William's* Praise.

## S O N G XIX.

**W**HEN mighty *Sol*, at Noon of Day,  
 With sultry Beams began to play,  
 I wander'd thro' a verdant Glade,  
 Seeking the most obliging Shade,

*Seeking, &c.*

Where on an easy Moss reclin'd,  
 I *Chloe* sleeping chanc'd to find.

The Trees ambitious seem'd to be,  
 With meeting Arms, her Canopy;  
 A Brook hard by did softly creep,  
 As if it fear'd to break her Sleep,

*As if it fear'd, &c.*

Whose Streams transparent smooth and clear,  
 Of her chaste Mind, the Emblems were.

A Sight so charming that the *Sun*  
 Might stop a While to gaze upon.  
 Down by the *Nymph* myself I laid,  
 And did at length myself persuade,

*And did, &c.*

To steal a *Kiss* and win the Gloves,  
 And who my Boldness disapproves?

## S O N G XX.

**I** Tell with equal Truth and Grief,  
 That *Chloe* is an arrant Thief:  
 Before the Urchin well cou'd go,  
 She stole the *Whiteness* of the *Snow*;  
 And more, that *Whiteness* to adorn,  
 She stole the *Blushes* of the Morn.

She pilfer'd *Orient Pearl* for Teeth,  
 And stole the *Cow's* ambrosial *Breath*;  
 The *Cherry*, steep'd in Morning Dew,  
 Gave Moisture to her *Lips* and Hue:  
 These were her *Infant* Spoils, a Store,  
 To which in Time she added more.

At



At Twelve she stole, from *Cyprus' Queen*,  
 Her Air and *Love*-commanding Mien;  
 Stole *Juno's* Dignity, and stole  
 From *Pallas* Sense to charm the Soul.  
*Apollo's* Wit was next her Prey;  
 Her next the Beam that lights the Day!

There's no repeating all her Wiles,  
 She stole the *Graces* winning Smiles;  
 She sung, amaz'd the *Syrens* heard,  
 And to assert their Voice appear'd:  
 She play'd the *Muses*, from their Hill  
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their Skill.

Great *Jove* approv'd her Crimes and Art,  
 And 'tother Day she stole my Heart.  
 If *Lovers*, *Cupid*, are thy Care,  
 Exert your Vengeance on the Fair;  
 To Trial bring her stolen Charms,  
 And let her Prison be,—my Arms.

## S O N G XXI.

THE Fields and the Groves in fresh Verdure  
 shone gay,

And *Philomel* chaunted her *Love* labour'd Song;  
 When the *Nymphs* and the *Swains* in their brightest  
 Array,

To chuse a *May* Lady, mov'd sportive along.

Each *Youth* burnt with Ardour his *Nymph* to create,

Each *Nymph*, with soft Glances, fast caught her  
 fond Mate,

And each one impatiently waited her Fate.

But when *Amaryllis* among them appear'd,

Like Beauty's fair *Goddeſs*, attended by *Love*;

With *Graces* attractive each Heart she endear'd,

Surpassing bright *Juno*, the Consort of *Jove*.

The *Shepherds* admiring, glad Homage do pay,

The *Nymphs* with their Garlands no longer delay,

To crown Beauty's Paragon *Queen* of the *May*.

S O N G

## SONG XXII.

**I**F you my wand'ring *Heart* would find,  
 That *Heart* you say is like the Wind,  
 Which varies here, and wanders there,  
 To ev'ry *Nymph* that's kind and fair;  
 I say if you this *Heart* would find,  
 Turn to your own inconstant Mind;  
 If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be  
 In Wand'ring constantly with thee.  
 How can it settle when you fly,  
 And shun this faithful Votary?  
 A *Nymph* that's fair, it oft doth find,  
 But never yet the *Nymph* that's kind.  
 If you would fix this wand'ring *Heart*,  
 Join it with yours, 'twill ne'er depart;  
 But in the Pangs of Death will prove,  
 It wander'd but to fix your *Love*.

## SONG XXIII.

**T**OO plain, dear *Youth*, those tell-tale Eyes,  
 A willing *Heart* declare;  
 But for *Love*'s Sake, let it suffice,  
 You reign triumphant there.  
 Forbear your utmost Power to try,  
 Nor farther urge your Sway;  
 Press not for what I must deny,  
 For fear I should obey,      *For fear I should obey.*  
 Resolve not then to do an Ill,  
 Because perhaps you may;  
 But rather interpose your Skill,  
 To save me than betray.  
 Be you yourself my *Virtue*'s Guard,  
 Defend, and not pursue;  
 Since 'tis a Task for me too hard  
 To strive with *Love* and you,  
                                          *To strive with Love and you.*

SONG

## SONG XXIV.

**A**T the silent Ev'ning Hour,  
Two fond *Lovers* in a Bower,  
Sought, fought their mutual *Bliss* ;  
Tho' her *Heart* was just relenting,  
Tho' her *Eyes* seem'd just consenting,  
Yet, yet, she fear'd to *kiss*.

Since this secret Shade, he cry'd,  
Will those rosy *Blushes* hide,

Why, why will you *resist* ?  
When no tell-tale Spy is near us,  
Eye not sees, nor Ear can hear us,

Who, who would not be *kiss* ?  
*Celia*, hearing what he said,  
Gently lifted up her Head,

Her *Breast* soft *Wishes* fill ;  
If, saith she, no Spy is near us,  
Eye not sees, nor Ear can hear us,  
*Kiss, kiss* me if you will.

## SONG XXV.

**W**HEN first I fair *Celinda* knew,  
Her Favour then was great ;  
Her Eyes I could with Freedom view,  
And friendly Rays did meet.

In every Scene we pass'd the Time,  
That could to Pleasure move ;

She often lik'd to hear me rhyme,  
And read my Songs of *Love*.

At length my Licence grew too bold,  
Press'd by *Poetic* Flame ;

And when my *Passion* I had told,  
She loath'd the *Poet's* Name.

Thus I who could her *Friendship* boast,  
And did her *Love* pursue,

Am taught Subjection, at the Cost  
Of *Love* and *Friendship* too.

SONG

## SONG XXVI.

WHAT shall an injur'd *Lover* do,  
 Can I believe her? No, no, no,  
 Will it grieve her, if I leave her,  
 Will it grieve her? No, no, no.

## SONG XXVII.

FOR a *Shape* and a *Bloom*, for an *Air* and a *Mein*,  
*Myrtilla* was brightest of all the gay *Green*;  
 But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,  
 Those her *Beauty* invited, her *Pride* would destroy,  
*Those her Beauty, &c.*

By the Flocks as she stray'd with the *Nymphs* of the  
 Vale,  
 Not a *Shepherd* but woo'd her, to hear his soft Tale;  
 Tho' fatal the *Passion*, she laugh'd at the *Swain*,  
 And return'd with Neglect what she heard with Dis-  
 dain,

*And return'd, &c.*

But *Beauty* has Wings, and too hastily flies,  
 And *Love* unrewarded, soon sickens and dies;  
 The *Nymph* cur'd by Time of her Folly and Pride,  
 Now sighs in her Turn for the Bliss she deny'd,

*Now sighs in, &c.*

No longer she frolicks it wide o'er the Plain,  
 To kill with her Coyness the languishing *Swain*;  
 So humbled her *Pride* is, so soften'd her Mind,  
 That tho' courted by none, she to all would be kind,

*That tho' courted, &c.*

## SONG XXVIII.

THE Parent *Bird*, whose little Nest  
 Is by its tender Young possess'd,  
 With spreading Wings, and downy Breast,  
 Does cherish them with *Love*;

*But*



But soon as Nature plumes their Wings,  
And guides their Flight to Groves and Springs,  
Quite unconcern'd the Parent sings,  
    Regardless where they rove.

While hapless we of *Human Race*  
The lasting Cares of Life embrace,  
And still our best Affection place,

    On what procures us Pain.  
Tho' *Children*, as their Years increase,  
Increase our Fear, and spoil our Peace,  
*Paternal Love* will never cease,  
    But ever will remain.

## S O N G XXIX.

**A**S *Chloe* on Flowers reclin'd o'er the Stream,  
She sigh'd to the Breeze, and made *Collin* her  
    Theme ;

Tho' pleasant the Stream, and tho' cooling the Breeze,  
And the Flowers tho' fragrant, she panted for Ease,  
    *And the Flowers, &c.*

The Stream it was fickle, and hasted away,  
It kiss'd the sweet Banks, but no longer would stay ;  
Tho' *beauteous* inconstant, and faithless tho' fair,  
Ah ! *Collin* look in, and behold thyself there,  
    *Ah ! Collin look in, &c.*

The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,  
Now rose to a Tempest, and darken'd the Day,  
As soft as the Breeze, and as loud as the Wind,  
Such *Collin* when angry, and *Collin* when kind,  
    *Such Collin when, &c.*

The Flowers when gather'd so *beauteous* and sweet,  
Now fade on her Bosom, and die at her Feet ;  
As fair in their Bloom, and as foul in Decay,  
Such *Collin* when present, and *Collin* away,  
    *Such Collin when, &c.*

In Rage and Despair from the Ground she arose,  
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws ;  
She

She weeps in the Stream, and she sighs to the Wind,  
And resolves to drive *Collin* quite out of her Mind,  
*And resolves, &c.*

But what her Resolves, when her *Collin* appear'd,  
The Stream it stood still, and no Tempest was heard;  
The Flowers recover'd their beautiful Hue,  
She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true,  
*She found he, &c.*

## SONG XXX.

**W**HEN *Britons* first by *Heaven's* Command,  
Arose from out the azure Main;  
This was the Charter of the Land,  
And Guardian Angels sung this Strain,  
Rule, *Britannia*, rule the Waves,  
For *Britons* never will be Slaves.

The Nations, not so blest'd as thee,  
Must in their Turn to *Tyrant* fall;  
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The Dread and Envy of them all.

*Rule, Britannia, &c.*

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign Stroke;  
As the loud Blast that tears the Skies,  
Serves but to root thy native Oak.

*Rule, Britannia, &c.*

The haughty *Tyrants* ne'er shall tame,  
All their Attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy gen'rous Flame,  
And work their Woe, and thy Renown.

*Rule, Britannia, &c.*

To thee belongs the rural Reign,  
Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine;  
All thine shall be the subject Main,  
And ev'ry Shore it circles, thine.

*Rule, Britannia, &c.*

The

The *Muses*, still with Freedom's Sounds,  
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair ;  
 Bless'd Isle, with matchless Beauty crown'd,  
 And manly Hearts to guard the *Fair*.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

## S O N G XXXI.

**S**pring renewing all Things gay,  
 Nature's Dictates all obey ;  
 In each Creature we may see  
 The Effect of *Love's* Decree.

Thus their State, such their Fate,

Do not, *Polly*, stay too late.

Do not, *Polly*, stay too late.

Look around and see them play,

All are wanton while they may ;

Why should precious Time be lost ?

After Summer comes a Frost.

All pursue Nature's Due,

Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

*Let us, Polly, &c.*

Mark how kind that *Swain* and *Lass*,

Yonder sitting on the Grass ;

See how earnestly he sues,

Whilst she blushing can't refuse :

See you too, how they woo,

Let us, *Polly*, do so too.

*Let us, Polly, &c.*

Mark the Cloud above the Plain,

See it seems to threaten Rain ;

Herds and Flocks do run together,

Seeking Shelter from the Weather.

Fear not you, I'll be true,

Therefore let us do so too,

Therefore let us do so too.

## S O N G XXXII.

**A**SK me not how calmly I  
 All the Cares of Life defy,  
 How I baffle human Woes ?  
*Woman, Woman, Woman* knows.

You may live, and laugh as I,  
 You like me may Cares defy ;  
 All the Pangs the Heart endures,  
*Woman, Woman, Woman* cures.

Ask me not of empty Toys,  
 Feats of Arms and drunken Joys ;  
 I have Pleasure more divine,  
*Woman, Woman, Woman's* mine.

Raptures more than Folly knows,  
 More than Fortune can bestow ;  
 Flowing Bowls, and conquer'd Fields,  
*Woman, Woman, Woman* yields.

Ask me not of *Women's* Arts,  
 Broken Vows, and faithless Hearts ;  
 Tell the Wretch who pines and grieves,  
*Woman, Woman, Woman* lives.

All Delights the Heart can know,  
 More than Folly can bestow,  
 Wealth of Worlds, and Crowns of *Kings*,  
*Woman, Woman, Woman* brings.

## S O N G XXXIII.

**A**SK, thou silly dotard *Man*,  
 Whence our Ruin first began,  
 How our Grief and deadly Woe  
 Did from *Woman, Woman*, flow ?

We might live and happy be,  
 Could we shun this Enemy ;  
 All the Pangs the Heart e'er knew,  
 From vain *Woman, Woman*, grew.



Ask what calm Felicity  
*Man* enjoy'd, how blest was he ;  
 Nought could his Repose invade,  
 Till false *Woman*, she was made.

Soon as she receiv'd her Breath,  
*Man* was subject unto Death :  
 Other Evils, to their Shame,  
 From deceitful *Woman* came.

Ask what Ills befel old *Troy*,  
 Which false *Helen* did destroy,  
 Of the tender Bridegrooms, who  
 Were by *Woman*, *Woman*, slew.

How the brave *Mark Anthony*  
 Lost the World by faithless *She* ;  
 Ruin'd States, lost *Crowns* and *Kings*,  
 From vain *Woman*, *Woman*, springs.

## S O N G XXXIV.

**W** H Y should a Heart so tender break ?  
 Oh ! *Myra*, give its Anguish Ease ;

The Use of *Beauty* you mistake,  
 Not meant to vex but please,  
 Not meant to vex but please.

Those *Lips* for Smiling are design'd,  
 And that *Bosom* to be press'd ;  
 Your Eyes to languish and look kind,  
 For am'rous Arms your Waist,  
 For am'rous Arms your Waist.

Each Thing has its appointed Right,  
 Establish'd by the Powers above ;  
 The *Sun* and *Stars* give Warmth and Light,  
 The *Heavens* distribute Love,  
 The *Heavens* distribute Love.

## SONG XXXV.

TO heal the Smart a *Bee* had made,  
 Upon my *Chloe's* Face,  
 Honey upon her *Cheeks* she laid,  
 And bid me *kiss* the Place.  
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound,  
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart:  
 The Honey on my *Lips* I found,  
 The Sting within my *Heart*.

## SONG XXXVI.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal She'l,  
 To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,  
 A Flame which Time can never quell,  
 But burn for thee, my *Peggy*.  
 You greater Bards the Lyre should hit,  
 For say what Subject is more fit,  
 Than to record the sparkling Wit  
 And Bloom of lovely *Peggy*.  
 The *Sun* first rising in the Morn,  
 'That points the dew bespangled Thorn,  
 Does not so much the Day adorn,  
 As does my lovely *Peggy*.  
 And when in *Thetis'* Lap to rest,  
 He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,  
 She's not so *beauteous*, as undrest  
 Appears my lovely *Peggy*.  
 When Zephyrs on the Violet blows,  
 Or breathes upon the damask Rose,  
 It does not half the Sweets disclose,  
 As does my lovely *Peggy*.  
 I stole a *Kiss* the other Day,  
 And (trust me) none but Truth I say,  
 The Fragrance of the blooming *May*  
 Is not so sweet as *Peggy*.

Were

Were the array'd in rustic Weed,  
 With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,  
 And pipe upon the oaten Reed,

To please my *lovely Peggy*.  
 With her a Cottage would delight,  
 All's happy when she's in my Sight,  
 But when she's gone 'tis endless Night,  
 All's dark without my *Peggy*.

While *Bees* from Flower to Flower do rove,  
 And Linnets warble thro' the Grove,  
 Or stately Swans the Waters love,  
 So long shall I love *Peggy*.

And, when Death, with his pointed Dart,  
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my Heart,  
 My Words shall be when I depart,  
 Adieu my *lovely Peggy*.

# SONG XXXVII.

COME all you young *Lovers* who war with De-  
 spair,

Compose idle Sonnets, and sigh for the *Fair*;  
 Who puff up their Pride by enhancing their Charms,  
 And tell them 'tis *Heaven* to lie in their Arms.

Be wise by Example, take Pattern by me,  
 For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free,  
 By *Jove* I'll be free;

For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free.

Young *Daphne* I saw, in the Net I was caught,  
 I ly'd and I flatter'd as Custom had taught;  
 I press'd her to Bliss, which she granted full soon,  
 But the Date of my Passion expir'd with the Moon.

She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be,  
 I'm sorry, my Dear, but by *Jove* I'll be free.

By *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

The next was young *Phillis* as bright as the Morn,  
 The *Love* that I proffer'd she treated with Scorn;

I laugh'd at her Folly, and told her my Mind,  
 That none could be handsome, but such as were kind ;  
 Her Pride and Ill-nature was lost upon me,  
 For in Spite of *fair Faces*, by *Jove* I'll be free,  
 By *Jove* I'll be free, &c.

Let others call *Marriage* the Harbour of Joys,  
 Calm *Peace* I delight in, and fly from all Noise ;  
 Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange Rage,  
 And like Birds, they sing best, when they're put in a  
 Cage ;

Confinement's the *Devil*, 'twas ne'er made for me,  
 Let who will be *bond Slaves*, by *Jove* I'll be free,  
 By *Jove* I'll be free.

Then let the brisk Bumper run over the Glass,  
 In a Toast to the young and the *beautiful* Lads ;  
 Who yielding and easy, prescribes no dull Rule,  
 Nor thinks it a Wonder a *Lover* shou'd cool ;

Let us bill like the *Sparrow*, and rove like the *Bee*,  
 For in Spite of grave Lessons, by *Jove* I'll be free,  
 By *Jove* I'll be free.

For in Spite of grave Lessons, by *Jove* I'll be free.

# S O N G XXXVIII.

**A**R ISE sweet Messenger of Morn,  
 With thy mild Beams this Isle adorn,  
 For long as *Shepherds* sport and play,  
 'Tis this shall be a Holiday.

Each *Nymph* be like the blushing Morn,  
 That gayly lightens o'er the Lawn ;  
 Each *Shepherd* like the *Sun* be gay,  
 And frolick out this Holiday.

The Morn appears a rosy Hue,  
 Peeps over yonder eastern Blue ;  
 Come let us dance in trim Array,  
 And grateful keep this Holiday.

Come all ye honest *British* Souls,  
 Let *Love* and *Honour* crown your Bowls ;

Rejoice,



Rejoice, rejoice, and sport and play,  
This Source of many a Holiday.

## S O N G   XXXIX.

**O** ! would'st thou know what secret Charms  
This destin'd *Heart* of mine alarms,  
This destin'd *Heart* of mine alarms ;  
What kind of *Nymph* the Heavens decree,  
The *Maid* that's made for *Love* and me,  
The *Maid* that's made for *Love* and me.

Who joys to hear the Sigh sincere,  
Who melts to see the tender Tear,

*Who melts, &c.*

From each ungentle Passion free,  
Be such the *Maid* that's made for me.

*Be such the Maid, &c.*

Whose *Heart* with gen'rous Friendship glows,  
Who feels the Blessings she bestows.

*Who feels, &c.*

Gentle to all, but kind to me,  
Be such the *Maid* that's made for me.

*Be such the Maid, &c.*

Whose simple Thoughts, devoid of Art,  
Are all the Natives of her Heart ;

*Are all the Natives, &c.*

A gentle Brain from Falshood free,  
Be such the *Maid* that's made for me,

*Be such the Maid, &c.*

Avaunt ye light *Coquets*, retire,  
Where flatt'ring *Fops* around admire,

*Where flattering, &c.*

Unmov'd your tinsell'd Charms I see,  
More genuine *Beauties* are for me,  
More genuine *Beauties* are for me.

## SONG XL.

**B**LOW ye bleak Winds around my Head,  
And sooth my *Heart*-corroding Care ;  
Flash round my *Brows*, ye Lightnings red,  
And blast the Laurels planted there.

But may the *Maid*, where e'r she be,  
Think not of my Distress nor me,  
Think not of my Distress nor me.

Let all the Traces of our *Love*  
Be ever blotted from her Mind ;  
May from her *Breast* my Vows remove,  
And no Remembrance leave behind.

*But may the Maid, &c.*

O may I ne'er behold her more,  
For she has robb'd my Soul of Rest ;  
Wisdom's Assistance is too poor,  
To calm the Tempest in my Breast.

*But may the Maid, &c.*

Come Death, O come, thou friendly Sleep,  
And with my Sorrows lay me low ;  
And should the gentle *Virgin* weep,  
Nor sharp, nor lasting, be her Woe ;  
But may she think, where'er she be,  
No more of my Distress nor me,  
No more of my Distress nor me.

## SONG XLI.

**F**ROM sweet bewitching Tricks of *Love*,  
Young *Men* your Hearts secure ;  
Lest from the Paths of Sense you rove,  
In Dotage premature,

*In Dotage premature.*

Look at each Lash thro' Wisdom's Glass,  
Don't trust the naked Eye ;  
Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,  
The Blind eats many a Fly,

*The Blind eats many, &c.*

No

No only on their *Hands* and *Necks*,  
 The borrow'd White you'll find ;  
 Some *Belles*, when Interest directs,  
 Can even paint thy *Mind*.

*Can even, &c.*

Joy in Distress they can express,  
 Their very Looks can lye.

*Gallants beware, &c.*

There's not a *Spinster* in the Realm,  
 But all *Mankind* can cheat,  
 Down to the Cottage from the Helm,  
 The Learn'd, the Brave and Great.

*The Learn'd, &c.*

With *lovely* Looks, and golden Hooks,  
 T'entangle us they try.

*Gallants beware, &c.*

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,  
 Was Earth of Parchment made ;  
 Was every single Stick a Quill,  
 Each *Man* a Scribe by Trade,  
 Each *Man* a Scribe by Trade.

To write the Tricks of half the Sex,  
 Would suck that Ocean dry.

Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,  
 The Blind eats many a Fly, the Blind eats many a  
 Fly.

# SONG XLII.

**L**OVE and Folly were at Play,  
 Both too wanton to be wise ;  
 They fell out, and in the Fray,  
 Folly put out *Cupid's* Eyes.

Strait the Criminal was try'd,  
 And had his Punishment assign'd ;  
 Folly should to *Love* be ty'd,  
 And condemn'd to lead the Blind.

Then wisely let's venture ourselves to deceive,  
 And since Fate has decreed us to *love* and believe ;

For

For all we can gain by our Wisdom and Eyes,  
Is to find ourselves cheated, and wretched when wise.  
*For all we can gain, &c.*

## S O N G XLIII.

**T**HE Morning fresh, the *Sun* in East,  
New gilds the smiling Day ;  
The Morning fresh, the *Sun* in East,  
New gilds the smiling Day ;  
The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,  
The Fields all round are gaily dress'd,  
Arise my Love, arise and play,  
Arise my Love, and play ;  
Arise my Love, arise and play,  
Arise my Love, and play.

Come forth my Fair, come forth bright *Maid*,  
And bless thy *Shepherd's* Sight ;

*Come, &c.*

Lend ev'ry folded Flow'r thy Aid,  
Unveil the Rose's blushing Shade,  
And give them sweet Delight,  
And give them sweet Delight, &c.

Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,  
Those Smiles your Charms improve ;

*Thy Presence, &c.*

Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguile,  
And, as invite, reward their Toil,  
And tune their Notes to *Love*,  
And tune their Notes to *Love, &c.*

Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn Tree,  
The Flowers in Wreaths I'll twine,

*The Flowers, &c.*

E're other Eyes ye *Beauties* see,  
Then on my Brows adorn'd shall be ;  
Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine,  
Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine, &c.



## SONG XLIV.

**W**HEN beauteous fair *Camilla* deigns  
To beam a gen'rous Smile ;  
Unfeign'd in her what Sweetness reigns,

What pleasing' *Airs* beguile ?  
Than her not *Violet*, *Pink* or *Rose*,  
More grac'd when blown appear ;  
Far lovelier Bloom her Looks disclose  
To bright her heav'nly Sphere.

*Youth*, *Beauty*, with good Nature, are  
Around her Person join'd,  
While spotless, every *Virtue* rare,  
So center'd in her Mind.

In her chaste Form no Taints arise,  
No Female Pride upbraid ;  
Kind Nature their Defect supplies,  
And each Perfection aids.

In vain let *Flavia* boast her Face,  
*Stella* her Soul's rich Store,  
While all in fam'd *Camilla* trace  
Joys unreveal'd before.

Since then *Camilla*'s brighter Charms  
Such prime Delights impart ;  
How blest the *Man*, who, in her Arms,  
Can share her *Virgin* Heart !

## SONG XLV.

*He.* **H**ARK, hark, o'er the Plains, how the  
merry Bells ring,  
Asleep while my Charmer is laid,  
Asleep while my Charmer is laid.  
The Village is up, and the Day's on the Wing,  
And *Phillis* may yet die a *Maid*, my poor Girl,  
And *Phillis* may yet die a *Maid*, my poor Girl,  
And *Phillis* may yet die a *Maid*.

*She.*

*She.* 'Tis hardly yet Day, and I cannot away ;  
 O *Damon*, I'm young and afraid ;  
 To-morrow, my Dear, I'll to Church without  
 Fear,  
 But let me To-night lie a Maid,

*My dear Boy, &c.*

*He.* The Bridemaids are met, and *Mamma's* on the Pet,  
 All, all, my coy *Phillis* upbraid ;  
 By Midnight ! my Dear shall be eas'd of her Fear,  
 Nor grieve she's no longer a Maid,

*My dear Girl, &c.*

*She.* Dear *Shepherd* forbear, and To-morrow I swear,  
 To-morrow I'll not be afraid ;  
 I'll open the Door, and deny you no more,  
 Nor cry to live longer a Maid,

*My dear Boy, &c.*

*He.* No, no, *Phillis*, no, on thy Bosom of Snow,  
 To-night shall your *Shepherd* be laid ;  
 Fast lock'd in my Arms, you shall yield up your  
 Charms,  
 Nor wish to live longer a Maid,

*My dear Girl, &c.*

*She.* Then open the Door, 'twas unbolted before,  
 'Twas *Damon* his Blifs that delay'd ;  
 To Church let us go, and if there I say no,  
 O then let me die an old Maid,

*My dear Boy, &c.*

### D U E T and C H O R U S.

Away then, away, and to *Love* give the Day,  
 Ye Nymphs, let Example persuade ;  
 Let Beauty be tim'd, when the *Swain's* in the Mind,  
 'Tis foolish to die an old Maid, my dear Girl,  
 'Tis foolish to die an old Maid.

SONG

## SONG XLVI.

**T**HO' *Women* by frail *Men* are scorn'd,  
For being oft too kind;

Yet all well know that *Men*, when spurn'd,

Are to their Will confin'd,

Are to their Will confin'd.

With restless Pain one Smile to gain,

All Ways they gladly try;

But Maids beware, avoid the Snare,

All *Men* deal cunningly,

All *Men* deal cunningly.

There's not a *Man* who from his Heart

Can *Woman* truly love;

They but delight to repel the Dart,

And all its Pains approve,

*And all, &c.*

With Looks serene (then only seen)

They flattering Words apply.

*But Maids, &c.*

They often strive, with artful Tale,

Each Fair-one to deceive;

On our good Nature to prevail,

Then laugh within their Sleeve.

*Then laugh, &c.*

In Self-conceit, they think to cheat

The Heart as well as Eye.

*But Maids, &c.*

If then, to rout the selfish Crew,

You'd chuse a faithful Guard;

Let *Virtue* rule the Heart, for few

Will lose their just Reward;

Not all the Tribe her Soul can bribe,

She will all Arts defy.

*So Maids, &c.*

*She.* 'Tis hardly yet Day, and I cannot away ;  
 O *Damon*, I'm young and afraid ;  
 To-morrow, my Dear, I'll to Church without  
 Fear,  
 But let me To-night lie a Maid,  
*My dear Boy, &c.*

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 To Church let us go, and if there I say no,  
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 Then laugh within their Sleeve.  
*Then laugh, &c.*  
 In Self-conceit, they think to cheat  
 The Heart as well as Eye.  
*But Maids, &c.*  
 If then, to rout the selfish Crew,  
 You'd chuse a faithful Guard;  
 Let *Virtue* rule the Heart, for few  
 Will lose their just Reward;  
 Not all the Tribe her Soul can bribe,  
 She will all Arts defy.  
*So Maids, &c.*

## S O N G XLVII.

**O**N the *Tay's* verdant Banks a *fair* Maid lay reclin'd ;

She wept to the Oziers that curl'd to the Wind ;  
While *Eccho* to Sorrow, so faithful and kind,  
Repeated her Complaints for her *Jockey*, her *Jockey*,  
Repeated her Complaints for her *Jockey*.

Not the Nightingale's Voice was more mournful and clear,

When thus she began, 'Tis the Loss of my Dear,  
That from Eyes, once so sparkling, enforces a Tear,  
The Tear which I dropt for young *Jockey*, young *Jockey*,  
The Tear which I dropt for young *Jockey*.

The Linnet his Mate chuses out of the Throng,  
And, when he has won her, sits all the Day long,  
Still proud of his Conquest, repeating his Song ;  
Not so did inconstant young *Jockey*, young *Jockey*,  
Not so did inconstant young *Jockey*.

He swore 'twas my *Beauty* his Heart that had won,  
And his Flame was as pure as the Light of the Sun ;  
But the Maid that believes, is as surely undone,  
For false and deceitful's young *Jockey*, young *Jockey*,  
For false and deceitful's young *Jockey*.

## S O N G XLVIII.

*He* **W**HEN *Jockey* was blest with your Love  
and your Truth,

Not on *Tweed's* pleasant Banks dwelt so blithsome  
a Youth ;

With *Jenny* I sported it all the Day long,

And her Name was the Burden and Joy of my  
Song,

And her Name was the Burden and Joy of  
my Song.

*She*. E're *Jockey* had ceas'd all his Kindness for me,  
There liv'd in the Vale not so happy a She ;

Such

Such Pleasures with *Jockey* his *Jenny* had known,  
That he scorn'd in a Côt the fine Folks of the  
Town.

*That he scorn'd, &c.*

*He.* Ah ! *Jockey*, what Fear now possesses thy Mind,  
That *Jenny* so constant to *Willy's* been kind,  
When dancing so gay with the *Nymphs* on the Plain,  
She yielded her Hand and her Heart to the Swain,

*She yielded, &c.*

*She.* You falsely upbraid, but remember the Day,  
With *Lucy* you try'd it beneath the new Hay ;  
When alone with your *Lucy*, the *Shepherds* have  
said,

You forgot all the Vows that to *Jenny* were made.

*You forgot, &c.*

*He.* Believe not, sweet *Jenny*, my Heart stray'd from  
thee,

For *Lucy* the wanton's a Maid still for me ;

From a Lass that's so true your fond *Jockey* ne'er  
rov'd,

Nor once could forsake the kind *Jenny* he lov'd,

*Nor once, &c.*

*She.* My Heart for young *Willy* ne'er panted and sigh'd,  
For you of that Heart were the Joy and the Pride ;  
While *Tweed's* Waters glide, shall your *Jenny* be  
true,

Nor love, my dear *Jockey*, a Shepherd like you,

*Nor love, &c.*

# D U E T.

*Jenny.* For Kindness no Youth can with *Jockey* com-  
pare.

*Jockey.* No *Shepherd* e'er met with so faithful a Fair.

*Both.* We'll love then, and live from fierce Jealousy  
free,

And none on the Plains shall be happy as we.

*We'll love, &c.*

## SONG XLIX.

**B**Ehold the sweet Flowers around,  
 With all the bright *Beauties* they wear;  
 Yet none on the Plains can be found  
     So lovely, so lovely, as *Celia* is fair,  
     So lovely as *Celia* is fair.

Ye Warblers come raise your sweet Throats,  
 No longer in Silence remain,  
                                                             *No longer, &c.*

O lend a fond *Lower* your Notes,  
 To soften, to soften my *Celia's* Disdain,  
 To soften my *Celia's* Disdain.

Oft times in yon flow'ry Vale,  
 I breathe my Complaints in a Song,  
                                                             *I breathe, &c.*

Fair *Flora* attends the sad Tale,  
 And sweetens, and sweetens the Borders along,  
 And sweetens the Borders along.

But *Celia*, whose Breath might perfume  
 The Bosom of *Flora* in May,  
                                                             *The Bosom, &c.*

Still frowning pronounces my Doom,  
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,  
 Regardless of all I can say.

## SONG L.

**C**OME, *Rosalind*, O come and see,  
 What Pleasures are in store for thee,  
                                                             *What Pleasures, &c.*

The Fields their gayest Beauties wear,  
 The Flowers in all their Sweets appear,  
 The Flowers in all their Sweets appear.

The joyful Birds, in every Grove,  
 Now warble out their Songs of Love,  
                                                             *Now warble out, &c.*

For



For thee they sing, and Roses bloom,  
And *Collin* thee invites to come,

*And Collin, &c.*

Come, *Rosalind*, and *Collin* join,  
My tender Flocks and all are thine,

*My tender, &c.*

If *Love* and *Rosalind* be near,  
'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year,

*'Tis May, &c.*

Come see a Cottage and a Swain,  
Thou can'st my *Love* or Gifts disdain,

*Thou can'st, &c.*

Leave all behind, no longer stay,  
For *Collin* calls, then haste away,  
For *Collin* calls, then haste away.

# SONG LI.

**Y**OU say you *love*, and twenty more  
Have sigh'd, and said the same before ;

And yet I swear (I can't tell how)

I ne'er believ'd a *Man* till now ;

I swear I can't tell how,

I ne'er believ'd a *Man* till now.

'Tis odd that I should Credit give

To Words, who knew that Words deceive ;

And lay my better Judgment by

To trust my partial Ear, or Eye,

To trust my partial Ear,

My partial Ear, or Eye.

'Tis ten to one I had deny'd

Your Suit, had you To-morrow try'd ;

But, Faith, unthinkingly To-day,

My heedless Heart is gone astray ;

Unthinkingly To-day,

My heedless Heart is gone astray.

To bring it back would give me Pain,

Perhaps the Struggle too were vain ;

I'm indolent, and he that gains  
 My Heart, may keep it for his Pains ;  
 And he that gains my Heart,  
 May keep it for his Pains.

## S O N G LII.

**W**H Y heaves my fond Bosom, or what can it  
 mean ?

Why flutters my Heart that was once so serene ?  
 Why fighting and trembling when *Daphne* is near ?  
 Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear ?  
 Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear ?

Methinks I for ever with Wonder could trace  
 The thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face ;  
 Each Moment I view thee, more Beauty I find,  
 With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy  
 Mind,

*With thy Face, &c.*

Untainted with Folly, unfullied by Pride,  
 There native good Humour and *Virtue* reside ;  
 Pray Heavens that *Virtue* thy Soul may supply  
 With Compassion for him who without thee must die,

*With Compassion, &c.*

## S O N G LIII.

**H**OW blest were *Mortals*, would they know  
 The Favour which the *Gods* bestow,

*The Favour, &c.*

But partial Passion steps between,  
 And quite confounds the charming Scene ;  
 Wishing, whining, still repining,

*Wishing, whining, &c.*

Every Wretch creates his Pains,  
 Then of *Heaven* and Fate complains.

Vain are Riches, vain is Glory,  
 Nature spreads her Gifts before ye,

*Nature spreads, &c.*

Kind

Kind *Heaven* enough to all hath lent,  
Then take your Share and be content,  
Joy and Pleasure without Measure,

*Joy, &c.*

For your kind Acceptance wait,  
Then seize your Bliss, and smile at Fate.

# SONG LIV.

SEE, *Stella*, as your Health returns,  
All Nature does her Charms renew;  
*Phæbus* with greater Lustre burns,  
Who veil'd his Face in Grief for you.

No longer *Iris* sheds her Tears,  
The *Zephyrs* softer Breezes blow;  
*Flora* in all her Pride appears,  
The Streams in dimpling Gladness flow.

Wonder not then, too charming Maid,  
To see your *Thyrsis* sympathize;  
Excess of Joy has *Love* betray'd,  
And I no longer can disguise.

Not *Adam*, when in *Eden* blest'd,  
Did a more rapt'rous Transport prove:  
When the fair Partner of his Breast  
First rack'd his Eyes and taught him *Love*.

# SONG LV.

WHEN yonder cooing Doves retire,  
And seem in am'rous Shackles bound:

See, *Delia*, how the Flowers aspire,  
And shed delicious Fragrance round.  
Rais'd by the Spring and nurs'd by Shade,  
They flourish sweetly to the Eye:

But *Autumn's* hasting Chills invade,  
And their gay Beauties fade and dye.

A Flower, *Delia*, are thy Charms,  
Which in Youth's joyous Season blows:

*Like*

Like thy bright Eyes, thy Iv'ry Arms,  
 And Cheeks where shine the *Eden Rose*.  
 But envious Time, with creeping Pace,  
 Will on thy Frame seraphic play:  
 Despoil thee of each matchless Grace,  
 And steal thee from thyself away.

Wisely admonish'd by the Thought,  
 Swift let us stop the whirling Hour;  
 Pleasures as flying should be caught,  
 E're Age deprives us of the Power.  
 Thee Nature hath with Beauty bless'd,  
 And bids thee multiply its Ray;  
 With too much Sense thou art possess'd,  
 Her blissful Call to disobey.

## S O N G LVI.

**O** *Cupid*, gentle *Cupid*,  
 In Pity ease my Pain,  
 And let a faithful *Lover*  
 A kind Return obtain. Oh! ease my Pain.  
 O *Cupid*, gentle *Cupid*, in Pity ease my Pain,  
 And let a faithful *Lover* a kind Return obtain.  
 My Grief's beyond Enduring,  
 My Sorrow past all Curing,  
 My Anguish but procuring  
 More Hatred and Disdain,  
 My Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Dis-  
 dain.

## S O N G LVII.

**W** E E P not, my lovely *Celia* fair,  
 Beneath the silent Grove;  
 Forake the Choice of dull Despair,  
 And rise to happier *Love*.  
 Where rosy Fragrance dress each Hill,  
 The bleating Herds each Vale,

And



And pratt'ling *Zephyrs* kindly thrill,  
To sooth each am'rous Tale.

By Hedge-row Green, or Fountain Side;  
Or to some lonely Rill;  
Where sporting Fishes gayly glide,  
And wanton at their Will.

When the brisk Lark, high soaring round;  
New cheers the dewy Morn;  
Where fragrant Violets paint the Ground,  
And every Cot adorn.

Or to the *Myrtle* Shade, my Fair,  
Pleas'd with the fond Delight;  
Together joyous we'll repair,  
And glad each other's Sight.

While feather'd Songsters warbling round,  
Their pleasing Transports bring;  
And envious of each other's Sound,  
In Notes harmonious sing.

Like cooing Doves together pair'd,  
Wrapp'd in a balmy *Kiss*;  
We'll sit and toy till each has shar'd  
Each other's mutual Bliss.

# SONG LVIII.

**T**HE welcome *Spring* return'd again,  
Hails in the gladd'ning Summer's Day;  
Bids *Phæbus* bright new gild each Plain,  
And gayly spread his smiling Ray.  
While all around the spacious Scene,  
With new blown Buds the Branches crown'd;  
And blooming Meadows rob'd in Green,  
With early rising Sweets abound.

The tuneful Lark, with early Song,  
Bids joyful Welcome to the *May*;  
While o'er the Plains the fleecy Throng,  
With rural Humour, sport and play.

The feather'd Pair, in lively Notes,  
 Around the Groves harmonious sing ;  
 And thrill'd with their melodious Throats,  
 The Woods with joyful Ecchoes ring.

The flooding Streams, the ripening Breeze,  
 Nor cease to glide, or swiftly flow ;  
 Nor fragrant Flowers around the Trees  
 In pictur'd Landskips cease to grow ;  
 The Lands no more with barren Soil,  
 But fruitful Plants are spread anew ;  
 Nature again begins to smile,  
 And all her Fragrance shed for you.

## S O N G L I X.

**T**H E blitheſt Bird that ſings in *May*,  
 Was ne'er more blith, was ne'er more gay,  
 Than I, ah Well-a-day!  
*Then I, ah Well-a-day!*

E're *Collin* yet had learn'd to ſigh,  
 Or I to gueſs the Reaſon why,  
 O *Love*, ah Well-a-day !  
 O *Love*, ah Well-a-day !

We kiſs'd, we toy'd, we neither knew,  
 From whence theſe fond Endearments grew ;  
 Till he, ah Well-a-day ! *Till he, &c.*

By Time and other *Swains* made wiſe,  
 Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,  
 And *Love*, ah Well-a-day !  
*And Love, &c.*

Kind Nature now took *Collin's* Part,  
 My Eyes-inform'd againſt my Heart,  
 My Heart, ah Well-a-day !  
*My Heart, &c.*

Strait glow'd with thrilling Sympathy,  
 And eccho'd back each gentle Sigh ;  
 Each Sigh, ah Well-a-day !  
*Each Sigh, &c.*

Can

Can *Love*, alas ! by Words be won ?

He ask'd a Proof, a tender one,

While I, ah Well-a-day !

*While I, ah Well a-day !*

In Silence blush'd a fond Reply,

Can she who truly *loves* deny ?

Ah, no, ah Well-a-day !

*Ah, no, ah Well-a-day !*

### S O N G LX.

**Y**OU bid me, *Fair*, conceal my *Love*;

Ah ! think how hard the Task ;

Think of the mighty Pains I prove,

Then think of what you ask.

Go bid the fev'rish Wretch forbear

'Midst Burnings to complain :

Go bid the Slaves who fetter'd are,

Forget the galling Chain,

*Forget the galling Chain.*

Shou'd they obey, yet greater far

The Torments which I feel ;

Love's Fires, than Fevers, fiercer are :

Love pierces more than Steel.

Pain but the Body can controul,

The Thoughts no Cord can bind ;

Love is a Fever in the Soul,

A Chain which holds the Mind,

*A Chain which holds the Mind.*

### S O N G LXI.

**H**OW few among the Thousand Pairs,

By Wedlock doom'd to certain Cares,

Are fit the Yoke to bear,

*Are fit the Yoke to bear ?*

The *Husband* claims his Sovereign Right,

The *Wife* runs counter out of Spight,

And does her Vows forswear,

*And does her Vows forswear.*

But

But some there are, whom mutual *Love*  
Does prompt with free Consent to move,  
Submissive to their Fate,

*Submissive, &c.*

Thrice happy is that prudent *He*,  
Thrice happy is that prudent *She*,  
Bless'd with so kind a Mate,

*Bless'd with, &c.*

Should I and *Celia* ever join,  
I would be her's, and she'd be mine ;  
For we two would be One,  
*For we two would be One.*

Complying with each other's Will,  
Of gen'rous *Love* would take our Fill,  
Our Joys should ne'er be done,  
*Our Joys should ne'er be done.*

# SONG LXII.

**W**elcome, my *Shepherd*, how welcome to me  
This airy Occasion of meeting with thee ?  
But when I am absent, how joyless am I ?  
Contented methinks, I could sit down and die,  
*Contented methinks, I could sit down and die.*

I rail at the Hour, that so slowly does move,  
While I'm at a Distance from all that I *love* ;  
With Weeping complain of my ill-natur'd State,  
I rail at my Being, and curse my hard Fate,

*I rail, &c.*

With trifling Amusements some Time I beguile  
My Cares for a Moment, and chearfully smile ;  
But quickly thy Image returns to my Soul,  
And in my sad Bosom new Hurricanes rowl,

*And in my sad, &c.*

No Day can be lasting if thou art not there,  
Thy Presence alone can thy *Shepherdes* cheer ;

Your



Your Looks like a *Sun* drives all Sorrow away,  
 And blest'd with thy Sight, I could always be gay.  
*And blest'd with thy, &c.*

## S O N G LXIII.

**G**O, Rose, my *Chloe's* Bosom grace,  
 My *Chloe's* Bosom grace;  
 How happy should I prove,  
 How happy should I prove,  
 Might I supply that envied Place,  
 With never fading *Love*,  
*With never fading Love.*

There *Phoenix* like beneath her Eye,  
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,  
 In Raptures burn and die.

Know, hapless Flower, that thou shalt find  
 More fragrant Roses there,  
 More fragrant Roses there;  
 I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd,  
 With Envy and Despair,  
*With Envy and Despair.*

One common Fate we both must prove,  
 You die with Envy, I with *Love*,  
*You die with Envy, I with Love.*

## S O N G LXIV.

**U**PON a Summer's Ev'ning clear,  
*Dione*, hapless *Maid*,  
 All wan with *Love*, and pining Care,  
 Sought out a secret Shade:  
 How wretched, ah! how chang'd am I,  
 Unhappy *Maid*, said she;  
 No Scene is pleasing to my Eye,  
 No Flower is sweet to me,  
*No Flower is sweet to me.*

So many Vows could *Collin* make  
 To me; ah! faithless *Swain*;

F

And

And yet those plighted Vows could break,  
 And leave me to complain !  
 Why did I rashly seek his Arms,  
 Or his fond Tale believe ?  
 Alas ! I yielded all my Charms,  
 Nor thought he could deceive,  
*Nor thought he could deceive.*  
 Yet why of Roses such a Store,  
 And Lillies on my Face ;  
 Since *Lucy* now can please you more,  
 And claim your fond Embrace ?  
 My brighter Eyes I'd willing give,  
 Resign my rosy Hue ;  
 Content with *Lucy's* Charms I'd live  
 A rural Maid for you,  
*A rural Maid for you.*  
 But *Collin's* deaf, when I upbraid,  
 Nor heeds when I complain ;  
 Thinks not that I'm the injur'd Maid,  
 And he the perjur'd Swain :  
 Yet know, false Man, *Dione's* Shade  
 To fright you shall appear ;  
 And when you climb the Marriage Bed,  
*Dione* will be there,  
*Dione will be there.*

## S O N G LXV.

**I** Love, I doat, I rove with Pain,  
 No Quiet in my Mind ;  
 Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,  
 Were *Sylvia* less unkind.  
 For when (as long her Chain I've worn)  
 I ask Relief from Smart ;  
 She only gives me Looks of Scorn,  
 Alas ! 'twill break my Heart.  
 My Rivals, rich in worldly Store,  
 May offer Heaps of Gold ;

But surely I a Heaven adore,  
 Too precious to be sold !  
 Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb Prize,  
 For Wealth and not Desert,  
 And my poor Sighs and Tears despise ?  
 Alas ! 'twill break my Heart.

When like some panting hov'ring Dove,  
 I for my Blifs contend,  
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,  
 She coldly calls me Friend.  
 Ah ! *Sylvia*, thus in vain I strive,  
 To act a healing Part ;  
 'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,  
 Alas ! 'twill break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed  
 I lay me down to rest ;  
 In hopes to calm my raging Head,  
 And cool my burning Breast ;  
 Her Cruelty all Ease denies,  
 With some sad Dream I start ;  
 All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,  
 And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, thro' the Path I rove,  
 That leads me where she dwells :  
 There to the senseless Ways my Love  
 Its mournful Story tells.  
 With Sighs I view and kiss the Door,  
 Till Morning bids depart :  
 Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more,  
 Alas ! 'twill break my Heart.

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,  
 When I am gone and cold ;  
 Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,  
 Nor Glory when 'tis told.  
 For ev'ry lovely generous Maid  
 Will take my injur'd Part ;

And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,  
For breaking my poor Heart.

## S O N G LXVI.

**F**ILL me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,  
Large as my capacious Soul;  
Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,  
Large as my capacious Soul;  
Vast as my Thirst is,  
Let it have Depth enough to be my Grave;  
I mean the Grave of all my Care,  
For I design to bury't there;  
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,  
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me,  
Worthy to adorn the *Spheres*,  
*Worthy to adorn the Spheres.*  
As that bright Cup, as that bright Cup,  
Amongst the Stars, fill me a Bowl,  
A mighty Bowl,  
Large as my capacious Soul.

## S O N G LXVII.

**W**herever I'm going, and all the Day long,  
Abroad or at Home, or alone in a *Throng*,  
I find that my Passion's so lively and strong,  
That your Name, when I'm *silent*, runs still in my Song.  
*Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,*  
*Balinamone Ora, a Kiss of your sweet Lips for me.*  
Since the first Time I saw you, I take *no* Repose,  
I sleep *all* the Day to forget Half my Woes;  
So hot is the Flame in my Bosom which glows,  
By *St. Patrick* I fear it will burn thro' my Cloaths.  
*Sing Balinamone, &c.*  
*Your pretty black Hair for me.*  
In my Conscience I fear I shall *die* in my Grave,  
Unless you comply, and poor *Pbelim* will shave;

And



And grant the Petition your *Lover* does crave,  
Who *never* was free till you made him your *Slave*.

*Sing Balinamone, &c.*

*Your pretty black Eyes for me.*

On that happy Day, when I make you my *Bride*,  
With a swindging long *Sword*, how I'll strut and I'll  
stride!

In a *Coach* and six *Horses* with *Honey* I'll ride,  
As before you I walk to the Church by your *Side*.

*Sing Balinamone, &c.*

*Your little white Fist for me.*

### S O N G LXVIII.

O F good *English Beer* our Songs let's raise,  
We've Right by our *Freedom Charter*;  
And follow our brave *Forefathers Ways*,  
Who liv'd in the Days of *King Arthur*;  
Of those gallant Days loud *Fame* has told,  
Beer gave the stout *Britons Spirit*;  
In *Love* they spoke *Truth*, in *War* they were bold,  
And flourish'd by *Dint of Merit*.

### CHORUS.]

Then like them crown our *Bowls*,  
Our plentiful brown *Bowls*,  
And take them off *clever*;  
To all true *English Souls*,  
And Old England, Old England, *for ever*.  
Huzza Old England *for ever*,  
Huzza Old England *for ever*;  
Old England, Old England,  
Huzza Old England *for ever*.

The *Glory* in *Love* or *War* they won,  
By *Fighting*, *Retreats*, and *Sallies*,  
Was from the *Production* of their own  
Good *Beer* and roast *Beef* in their *Bellies*;  
All foreign Attempts they did disdain,  
So fir'd with *Resolution*;

For *Liberty* they'd bleed ev'ry Vein,  
To keep their own Constitution.

## CHORUS.

*Then let them crown our Bowls, &c.*  
Like them let us fill, and drink and sing,  
To all who our State are aiding;  
To Commerce, that our Wealth does bring,  
And every Branch of our Trading.  
By Commerce all Grandeur we sustain,  
That makes us a powerful Nation;  
Then let us agree, and with Vigour maintain  
Our Trade and our Navigation.

## CHORUS.

*Then like them crown our Bowls, &c.*

## SONG LXIX.

**N**O Glory I covet, no Riches I want,  
Ambition is nothing to me;  
The one Thing I beg of kind *Heaven* to grant,  
Is a Mind independent and free.  
With Passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,  
By Reason my Life let me square;  
The Wants of my Nature are chiefly supply'd,  
And the rest are but Folly and Care.  
The Blessings, which Providence freely has lent,  
I'll justly and gratefully prize:  
While sweet Meditation and chearful Content  
Shall make me both healthy and wise.  
In the Pleasures the great Man's Possessions display,  
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;  
For ev'ry *fair* Object my Eyes can survey,  
Contribute to gladden my *Heart*.  
How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Strife,  
The many their Labours imploy!  
Since all that is truly delightful in Life,  
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG

## SONG LXX.]

**P***hillis* has enchanting Art,  
That the Youthful can ensnare ;  
First she wins the *Lover's* Heart,  
And then leaves him to despair.

With her Looks and flatt'ring Wiles,  
She too soon a Conquest gains ;  
Makes him Captive with her Smiles,  
Then she leaves him in his Chains.

*Swains* beware, the Danger shun ;  
Fly the Magic of her Eyes ;  
From the sly Enchantress run,  
Lest you soon become her Prize.

The Hook lies beneath the Bait ;  
She with Smiles will draw you on ;  
But you'll find, when 'tis too late,  
That you're by her Frowns undone.

## SONG LXXI.]

**A**S *Chloe* in the Garden stray'd  
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,  
A wand'ring *Bee* approach'd the *Maid*,  
And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew  
To taste the fragrant Bloom ;  
But with a thousand Sweets in View  
It found a sudden Doom.

For soon as *Chloe's* Arm receiv'd,  
And felt the little Sting,  
Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd  
The too advent'rous Thing :  
Oh ! could that short liv'd tender Smart  
The *Nymph* to Pity move,  
'Twould teach her to regard the Heart  
She wounds with endless *Love*.

## S O N G LXXII.

**A** Wake, my *Love*, with genial Ray,  
 The *Sun* returning glads the Day;  
 Awake! the balmy Zephyr blows,  
 The Hawthorn blooms, the Daisie glows;  
 The Trees regain their verdant Pride,  
 The Turtle wooes his tender Bride;  
 To *Love* each Warbler tunes the Song,  
 And *Fish* in Dimples glide along.

O more than blooming Daisies fair!  
 More fragrant than the vernal Air!  
 More gentle than the Turtle Dove,  
 Or Streams that murmur thro' the Grove!  
 Bethink thee all is on the Wing,  
 Those Pleasures wait on wasting Spring.  
 Then come, the transient Bliss enjoy,  
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

## S O N G LXXIII.

**C**OME live with me, and be my *Love*,  
 And we will all the Pleasure prove  
 That Hills and Vallies, Dales and Fields,  
 And all the craggy Mountains yields;  
 There will we sit upon the Rocks,  
 And see the *Shepherds* feed their Flocks,  
 By shallow Rivers, to whose Falls  
 Melodious Birds sing Madrigals,  
 Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.

A Belt of Straw and Ivy Buds,  
 With Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs;  
 And if those Pleasures may thee move,  
 Then live with me and be my *Love*:  
 The Shepherd Swains shall dance and sing,  
 For thy Delight, each *May* Morning;



If those Delights thy Mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my *Love*,  
Then live with me and be my *Love*.

## S O N G LXXIV.

**F**OR ever, *Fortune*, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting Foe to *Love* ;  
And when we meet a mutual Heart,  
Come in between and bid us part ;  
Bid us sigh on from Day to Day,  
And wish, and wish, the Soul away,  
Till Youth and *genial* Years are flown,  
And all the Life of Life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou,  
To bind the loveless, joyless Vow ;  
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,  
To join the Gentle to the Rude :  
For once, O *Fortune*, hear my Prayer,  
And I absolve thy future Care ;  
All other Blessings I resign,  
Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

## S O N G LXXV.

*Address to Liberty.*

**F**AIREST Daughter of the Skies,  
Hither turn thy radiant Eyes ;  
They as Lovers here shall trace  
Every Charm, every Charm, every Charm,  
Every Charm, and every Grace ;  
Sons of *Wisdom*, who admire,  
Sons of *Virtue* all on Fire.

*Sons of Wisdom, &c.*

Hither, *Goddeſs*, hither turn,  
*Britons* for thy Beauties burn ;  
Hither, *Goddeſs*, hither turn,  
*Britons* for thy Beauties burn.

## SONG LXXVI.

SEE, *Daphne*, see, *Florella* cry'd,  
 And learn the sad Effect of Pride,  
 Yon shelter'd Rose how close conceal'd,  
 How quickly blasted when reveal'd :  
 The *Sun*, with warm attractive Rays,  
 Tempts it to wanton in the Blaze ;  
 A Gale succeeds from eastern Skies,  
 And all its blushing Beauty dies,  
 And all its blushing Beauty dies.

So you, my *Fair*, with Charms divine,  
 Will quit the Plain at Court to shine ;  
 Where Fame's transporting Rays allure,  
 Though here more happy, more secure.  
 The Breath of some neglected *Maid*  
 Will make you sigh you left the Shade ;  
 A Breath to Beauty's Bloom unkind,  
 As to the Rose the eastern Wind.

The *Nymph* reply'd, you first, my *Swain*,  
 Confine your Sonnets to the Plain ;  
 One envious Tongue alike disarms  
 You of your Wit, me of my Charms.  
 Unheard, what is the tuneful Shrill,  
 Or, if unknown, the Poet's Skill ?  
 What, unadmir'd, a charming Mein,  
 Or what the Rose's Blush unseen ?

## SONG LXXVII.

THO' *Baucis* and *I* are both ancient and poor,  
 We never yet drove the Distress'd from our  
 Door ;

But still of our little a little can spare,  
 To those who, like us, Life's Infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good Friends, let us go in together,  
 A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather ;

Our

Our Hearts they are gentle, tho' our Means are but  
small ;

You're heartily welcome, and that's best of all.

You're welcome at our humble Board to partake  
Of a Jug of good Ale, and a good Barley Cake ;  
A good roaring Fire as high as your Nose,  
A cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose.

We know no Ambition, we have no Estate,  
No Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate ;  
We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go ;  
It were not amiss if the Rich would do so.

### S O N G LXXVIII.

**G**Oddeſs of Eaſe, leave *Lethe's* Brink,  
Obſequious to the *Muſe* and me ;  
For once endure the Pain to think,

O ſweet *Inſenſibility*.

Siſter of *Peace* and Indolence,

Bring *Muſe*, bring Numbers ſoft and flow,  
Elaborately void of Senſe,

And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow,

Sweetly thoughtleſs let them flow.

Near to ſome Cowſlips painted Mead,

There let me doſe away dull Hours ;

And under me let *Flora* ſpread

A Sopha of her fineſt Flowers.

Where, *Philomel*, your Notes you breathe,

Forth from behind the neighb'ring Pine ;

While Murmurs of the Stream beneath]

Still flow in Uniſon with thine,

Flow in Uniſon with thine.

For thee, O *Idleneſs* ! the Woes

Of Life we patiently endure ;

Thou art the Source whence Labour flows,

We ſhun thee but to make thee ſure.

For who would bear War's Toil and Waſte,

Or who the Thund'ring of the Sea,

But to be idle at the last,  
And find a pleasing End in thee,  
And find a pleasing End in thee?

## S O N G LXXIX.

**T**ELL me, my *Delia*, tell me why  
My kindest Words and Looks you fly?  
What means that Frown upon thy Brow?  
Have I offended? Tell me how.

What means that Frown upon thy Brow?  
Have I offended? Tell me how.

Some Change has happen'd in your Hearts,  
Some Rival there has stol'n a Part;  
Reason those Fears might disapprove,  
But, oh! I fear, because I *love*.

Reason those Fears might disapprove,  
But, oh! I fear, because I *love*.

## S O N G LXXX.

**F**ROM Clime to Clime my Heart doth rove,  
I view the *Fair*, yet must not *love*,  
*I view, &c.*

With wanton Beauty often fir'd,  
But, oh! how vain when not admir'd.

Am I the unhappy *Man* alone,  
Of *Love* and Beauty doom'd the Scorn?

*Of Love, &c.*

Must sordid Gold the Mind controul,  
Enslave the Will, and bribe the Soul?

With sober Scorn I'll treat the Sex,  
And ne'er with *Love* my Heart perplex;

*And ne'er, &c.*

Till *Cupid* send some generous Fair,  
To ease my Grief, and end my Care.

As thus the pensive *Shepherd* stood,  
And sighing view'd the refulgent Flood;

*And sighing, &c.*

The



The Tritons gaz'd to hear him moan,  
 And thus reply'd from vocal Horn:  
 Forbear, dear *Youth*, the plaintive Song,  
 Nor blindly censure Fate with Wrong;  
*Not blindly, &c.*

'Tis fearful *Strephon* coldly flies,  
 While bashful *Amaryllis* dies.

## S O N G LXXXI.

**T**H E Morning is charming, all Nature is gay,  
 Away, my brave Boys; to your Horses away;  
 For the Prime of our Pleasure, and questing the *Hare*,  
 We have not so much as a Moment to spare.

## C H O R U S.

Hark! the lively-toned Horn,  
 How melodious its sounds, how melodious its sounds,  
 To the musical Song, to the musical Song of the merry-  
 mouth'd Hounds.

In yon stubble Field we shall find her below;  
*Soho!* cries the Huntsman; hark to him, *Soho!*  
 See! see where she goes, and the Hounds have a View;  
 Such Harmony *Handell* himself never knew.

## C H O R U S.

Gates, Hedges and Ditches, to us are no Bounds,  
 But the World is our own while we follow the *Hounds*;  
 Hold, hold, 'tis a Double; hark, hey! *Bowler*, hey!  
 If a Thousand gainsay it, a Thousand shall lye;  
 His Beauty surpassing her Truth has been try'd,  
 At the Head of the Pack an infallible Guide,

## C H O R U S.

At his Cry the wide Welkin with Thunder resounds,  
 The Darling of Hunters, the Glory of *Hounds*.  
 O'er Highlands and Lowlands, and Woodlands we fly,  
 Our Horses full Speed, and our Hounds in full Cry;  
 So match'd in their Mouths, and so even they run,  
 Like the Trine of the *Spheres*, and the Race of the *Sun*.

G

C H O.

## C H O R U S.

Health, Joy, and Felicity dance in the Rounds,  
 And bleſs the gay Circle of Hunters and Hounds.  
 The old Hounds push forward, a very ſure Sign,  
 That the Hare (tho' a ſtout one) begins to decline ;  
 A Chace of two Hours or more ſhe has led,  
 She's down, look about ye, they have her, ſhe's dead.

## C H O R U S.

How glorious a Death to be honour'd with Sounds  
 Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds !  
 Here's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their Lives,  
 May they never be croſt by their *Sweethearts or Wives* ;  
 May they rule their own Paſſions, and ever at Reſt,  
 As the moſt happy Men, be they all the beſt.

## C H O R U S.

And free from the Care which the many ſurrounds,  
 Be happy at laſt, when they ſee no more Hounds.

## S O N G LXXXII.

**A**T laſt, my dear *Chloe*, reveal,  
 And let me no longer complain ;  
 Why thus you return cold Neglect,  
 And treat my fond *Love* with Diſdain :  
 Conſider the Minutes they fly,  
 And ſwiftly are poſting away :  
 The Fruit which in Bloom we admire,  
 We nauſeate when gone to decay.  
 Obſerve the young Lilly ſo fair,  
 And Roſe with its freſh-colour'd Hue :  
 The Flow'r that the Morning brought forth,  
 Muſt fall with the Evening Dew.  
 Conſent therefore, make no Delay,  
 But follow this Maxim in Life ;  
 Nought's worſe than the Name of old Maid,  
 Or better than that of a *Wiſe*.

## S O N G LXXXIII.

**W**HILE ſome for Pleaſure waſte their Health,  
 'Tween Play-houſe and the Bagnio ;

I'll

I'll save myself, and without Stealth,  
 Love and cares my Nanny O:  
 She bids more fair t'engage a Jove,  
 Than *Leda* did, or *Danae* O;  
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,  
 None else should sit but Nanny O.

## CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny O,*  
*My lovely, charming Nanny O;*  
*I care not though the World should know,*  
*How dearly I love Nanny O.*

How joyfully my Spirits rise,  
 When dancing she moves finely O!  
 What Joys I promise from her Eyes,  
 Which sparkle so divinely O!  
*Venus*, attend my Vows, while I  
 Breathe in the blest *Brittannia*;  
 None's Happiness I shall envy,  
 As long as I have Nanny O.

## CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny, &c.*

## SONG LXXXIV.

WHEN here, *Lucinda*, first we came,  
 Where *Arno* rolls his Silver Stream;  
 How brisk the *Nymphs*, the *Swains* how gay!  
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay.  
 The Birds in livelier Concert sung,  
 The Grapes, in thicker Clusters hung;  
 All look'd as Joy could never fail,  
 Among the Sweets of *Arno's Vale*.  
 But since the good *Palemon* dy'd,  
 The chief of *Shepherds* and their Pride;  
 Now *Arno's* Sons must all give Place  
 To Northern Men, an iron Race.  
 The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er;  
 Thy Notes, *Lucinda*, please no more;

The *Muses* droop, the *Goths* prevail,  
Adieu the Sweets of *Arno's Vale*.

## S O N G LXXXV.

**O**N a Day, alack the Day!  
*Love*, whose Month is ever *May*,  
Spy'd a Blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton Air:  
Through the Velvet Leaves, the Wind,  
All unseen, Gan Passage find:  
That the Lover, sick to Death,  
Wish'd himself the Heaven's Breath.

Air, quoth he, thy Cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But alack my Hand is sworn!  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy Thorn:  
Vow, alack! for Youth unmet,  
Youth so apt to pluck a Sweet.

*Vow, alack! for Youth, &c.*

Do not call it Sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee:  
Thou, for whom *Jove* would swear,  
*Juno* but an *Ethiop* were;  
And deny himself for *Jove*,  
Turning *Mortal* for thy *Love*.

*And deny himself, &c.*

## S O N G LXXXVI.

**I** Wish and long for that which I,  
By Custom forc'd, must needs deny,  
By Custom forc'd, must needs deny,  
How hard's a *Virgin's Fate*?  
To frown, *Alexis*, I am bid,  
And if I smile, am snubb'd and chid,  
And if I smile, am snubb'd and chid,  
Who'd live at such a Rate?

Since the prevailing Powers above,  
And *Cupid*, the kind God of *Love*,

*And*



*And Cupid, the kind God of Love,  
Decreed us for each other.*

Let *Hymen* light his Torch, I dare  
Be thine without a Blush or Fear,  
*Be thine without a Blush or Fear,*  
To imitate my Mother.

## S O N G LXXXVII.

**S** *Trephon*, why that cloudy Forehead,  
Why so vainly cross'd those Arms?  
*Silly Swain*, thy Aspect horrid  
Rather frightens her, than charms.

Rouse each dull and drooping Spirit,  
Fling away thy *Myrtle Wreath*;  
Bumpers large of generous Claret  
Make thee *Love* and Raptures breathe.

Sacrifice this Juice prolific,  
To each Letter of her Name;

*Bacchus* deem'd it a Specific,  
Why not Mortals do the same!

See the high charg'd Goblet smiling  
Bids thee *Strephon* drink and prove;  
Wine's the Liquor most beguiling,  
Wine's the Weapon conquers *Love*.

## S O N G LXXXVIII.

**S** E E, *Flora*, how the new blown Rose,  
Blooms like thy beauteous Face;  
Youth doth its rip'ning Charms disclose,  
And perfects ev'ry Grace.

Its *Virgin* Sweets perfume the Air,  
And then its Pride decays;  
So will it be with thee, my *Fair*,  
When past thy youthful Days.

No *April* can revive thy Charms,  
 No Sun can light thine Eyes;  
 Soft *Love* will leave thy snowy Arms,  
 When Age begins to rise.  
 Then, *Flora*, let my Passion move  
 Your Pity for my Pain;  
 Obey the Voice of gentle *Love*,  
 Love and be lov'd again.

S O N G LXXXIX.

**A**S *Chloe* o'er the Meadow past,  
 I view'd the lovely *Maid*,  
 She turn'd and blush'd, renew'd her Haste,  
 And fear'd by me to be embrac'd;  
 My Eyes my Wish betray'd.  
 I follow'd close, while still she flew,  
 Along the verdant Plain;  
 The Grass at length my Rival grew,  
 And caught my *Chloe* by the Shoe,  
 Her Speed was then in vain.

S O N G XC.

**Y**OUNG *Damon* once a jolly Swain,  
 His Music charm'd the list'ning Plain,  
 Attentive to his Glee;  
 While *Nymphs* around him us'd to throng,  
 He tun'd his Flute, and all his Song  
 Was, *I love Liberty*,  
 Was, *I love Liberty*.  
 Bright *Chloe*, every *Shepherd's* Care,  
 And *Flavia* fairest of the Pair,  
 Are now no longer free;  
 Coy *Delia* felt unusual Pain,  
 All grieve to hear that *Damon's* Strain  
 Was, *I love Liberty*,  
 Was, *I love Liberty*.

The

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The Youth, by Inclination sway'd,  
A kinder Tune had often play'd

To every charming She ;  
But now they fear his wily Tongue,  
For all he said, and all he sung,  
Was, *I love Liberty,*  
Was, *I love Liberty.*

S O N G XCI.

**T**ELL me not of a Face that's fair,  
Nor Lip and Cheek that's red ;

Nor of the Tresses of her Hair,

Nor Curls in Order spread ;

Nor of a rare *Seraphic Voice,*

Like that an *Angel* sings :

Tho' if I were to take my Choice,

I would have all those Things ;

But if that thou wilt have me love,

And it must be a She ;

The only Argument can move,

Is that She will *love* me,

Is that She will *love* me.

The Glories of your Ladies be

But Metaphors of Things ;

And but resemble what we see,

Each common Object brings.

Roses outred their Lips and Cheeks,

Lillies their Whiteness stain :

What Fool is he the Shadow seeks,

And may the Substance gain ?

Then if you'd have me love a Lass,

Let it be one that's kind ;

Else I'm a Servant to the Glass

That's with good Claret lin'd.

SONG

## S O N G XCII.

**Y**ES, I'm in *Love*; I feel it now,  
 And *Celia* has undone me;  
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,  
 The pleasing Plague stole on me;  
 'Tis not her Face that *Love* creates,  
 For there no Graces revel;  
 'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates,  
 'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates,  
 Have rather been uncivil,  
 Have rather been uncivil.  
 'Tis not her Air, for sure in that  
 There's nothing more than common;  
 And all her Sense is only Chat,  
 Like any other *Woman*.  
 Her Voice, her Touch, might give th'Alarm,  
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;  
 In short, 'tis that provoking Charm  
 Of *Celia* all together.

## S O N G XCIII.

**A**S *Damon*, on a Summer's Day,  
 Beside a Brook began his Lay;  
 The cooling Waters pass'd along,  
 Well pleas'd at *Damon's* happy Song;  
 His Theme was *Love*; for *Delia's* Charms  
 Had won the *Shepherd* to her Arms,  
 Had won the *Shepherd* to her Arms.  
 How blest'd am I, who only know  
 The Joys of *Love*, which ever flow!  
 Dear Scenes of Transport now appear,  
 While Truth and *Love* are all my Care.  
 Hear then, ye Waters, Birds and Groves,  
 That *Delia's* kind, and *Damon* loves,  
 That *Delia's* kind, and *Damon* loves.

She,



She, as the Morn, is true and fair,  
 Sweet as the Rose and Violet are ;  
 Our Hearts in mutual Bliss shall live,  
 No more can bounteous Nature give :  
 Each Tree shall hence our Passion tell,  
 That *Shepherds* liv'd, and lov'd so well,  
 That *Shepherds* liv'd, and lov'd so well,

## S O N G . XCIV.

**I** F Beauty can alone invite,  
 Absence may heal our Pain ;  
 But Prudence vainly quits her Sight,  
 Whose Worth and Sense remain ;  
 But Prudence vainly quits her Sight,  
 Whose Worth and Sense remain.

The fairest Face we may despise,  
 Which hides a foolish Mind ;  
 But Reason guides the *Lovers* Eyes,  
 Whose Charms and Wit are join'd ;  
 But Reason, &c.

Caught by thy Person, and thy Sense,  
 'Tis both alike I fear ;  
 For if the Eye could make Defence,  
 You'd conquer by the Ear,  
 For if the Eye, &c.

## S O N G . XCV.

**I** N vain the Force of *Female* Arms,  
 In vain their offer'd Love :  
 Not Air, or Smile, not all their Charms !  
 My Passion can remove ;  
 For all that's fair and good I find  
 In *Chloe's* Form, and *Chloe's* Mind,  
 In *Chloe's* Form, and *Chloe's* Mind.

*Lucinda* shines in Gems and Gold,  
 Adorn'd with all her Arts ;  
 But no rich Chains my Heart can hold,  
 Unpierc'd by Diamond Darts ;

For all that's rich and fair I find  
 In *Chloe's* Form, and *Chloe's* Mind,  
 In *Chloe's* Form, &c.

Let others all their Wits display,  
 Which dazzles where it kills;  
 My Heart disdains the feeble Ray,  
 Nor Light, nor Heat, it feels;  
 For all that's bright and gay I find  
 In *Chloe's* Form, and *Chloe's* Mind,  
 In *Chloe's* Form, &c.

O *Myra*, now, those Notes give o'er,  
 Which once had Power to wound;  
 When *Chloe* speaks, they are no more,  
 But mix with common Sound;  
 All Grace and Harmony I find  
 In *Chloe's* Form, and *Chloe's* Mind,  
 In *Chloe's* Form, &c.

## S O N G X C V I.

W H A T *Cato* advises most certainly wise is,  
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play;  
 To mingle sweet Pleasure, with Search after Treasure;  
 Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day;  
 And while the dull *Miser* esteems himself wiser,  
 His Bags will decrease while his Health does decay;  
 Our Souls we enlighten, our Fancies we brighten,  
 And pass the long Ev'ning in Pleasures away.  
 All chearful and hearty, we set aside Party,  
 With some tender *Fair* the bright Bumper  
 crown'd:  
 Thus *Bacchus* invites us, and *Venus* delights us,  
 While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd;  
 See herē's our Physician, we know no Ambition  
 But where there's good Wine and good Company  
 found;  
 Thus happy together, in spite of all Weather,  
 'Tis *Sunshine* and Summer with us the Year round.

## S O N G XCVII.

**F**LY, *Caro*, to the Winds, thus I blow thee away,  
 I'll drown thee in Wine if you dare but to stay;  
 With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll raise,  
 I'll laugh, and I'll sing, all the rest of my Days.

Great *Bacchus* this Moment adopts me his Son,  
 And brightens my Fancy with Transports unknown;  
 The sparkling Liquor new Vigour supplies,  
 And makes the *Nymph* kind who before was too wise.

Then, dull sober Mortals, be happy with me,  
 Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree;  
 Will open your Eyes to see *Phyllis's* Charms,  
 Her Coyneſs waſh down, ſhe will fly to your Arms.

## S O N G XCVIII.

**F**AIR *Sally* lov'd a bonny *Seaman*,  
 With Fears ſhe ſent him to roam;  
 Young *Thomas* lov'd no other *Woman*,  
 But left his Heart with her at Home;  
 She view'd the Sea from off the Hill,  
 And, as ſhe turn'd the Spinning-Wheel,  
 Sung of her bonny *Seaman*.

The Winds blew loud, and ſhe grew paler,  
 To ſee the Weather-cock turn round;  
 When lo! ſhe ſpy'd her bonny Sailor  
 Come ſinging o'er the fallow Ground;  
 With nimble Haſte he leap'd the Stile,  
 And *Sally* met him with a Smile,  
 And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

Faſt round the Waſt he took his *Sally*,  
 But firſt around his Mouth wip'd he;  
 Like home bred Swain he could not dally,  
 But kiſs'd and preſs'd her with a Glee;  
 Thro' Winds and Waves, and darking Rain,  
 Cry'd he, thy *Tom's* return'd again,  
 And brings a Heart for *Sally*.

This

This Knife, the Gift of lovely *Sally*,

I still have kept for thy dear Sake;

And oftentimes, in am'rous Folly,

Thy Name has carv'd upon the Deck;

Again the happy Pledge returns,

To tell how truly *Tommy* burns,

How true he burns for *Sally*.

This Thimble didst thou give to *Sally*,

When this I see I think of you;

Then why does *Tom* stand Shill I, shall I,

While yonder Steeple's in our View?

*Tom*, never to Occasion blind,

Now took her in the willing Mind,

And went to Church with *Sally*.

### S O N G. XCIX.

**D**E A R *Collin*, prevent my warm Blushes,

Since now I can speak without Pain;

For my Eyes have oft told you my Wishes,

O can't you that Meaning explain!

My Passion would lose by Expression,

And you might too cruelly blame;

How can you expect a Confession

Of what is so tender a Name?

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,

Why should you expect it from me,

Tho' my Wishes were still in your Keeping,

Till you told me what they should be?

Then, prithee, why don't you discover?

Did your Heart feel such Torments as mine?

Eyes need not tell over and over,

What I in my Breast must confine.

### S O N G. C.

**D**E A R *Sally*, thy Charms have undone me,

They've robb'd me of Freedom and Joy;

Then, dearest, sweet *Sally*, smile on me,

For Death is my Fate if thou'rt coy.

Be



Be cautious, dear Charmer, in slaying,

Since Murders, so heinous, comply;

And torture me not with delaying

What ev'ry cross Chit can deny.

Consider, my *Angel*, why Nature

In forming you took such Delight;

Don't think you were made that fair Creature,

For nought but to dazzle the Sight?

No, *Jove*, when he gave you those Graces,

Intended you wholly for *Love*;

And gave you the fairest of Faces,

The kindest of Females to prove.

Besides, pretty *Maiden*, remember

The Flower that's blooming in *May*

Is wither'd and shrunk in *December*,

And cast unregarded away;

So it fares with each scornful young Charmer,

Who takes at her Lover Distaste;

She trifles till *Thirty* disarms her,

And then dies forsaken at last.

# SONG CI.

**W**HEN the bright *God* of Day

Drove to Westward his Ray,

And the Ev'ning was charming and clear;

The Swallows amain

Nimbly skim o'er the Plain,

And our Shadows like Giants appear.

In a *Jessamin* Bower,

When the *Bean* was in Flower,

And Zephyrs breath'd Odours around;

Lovely *Sylvia* was set,

With her Song and Spinnet,

To charm all the Groves with her Sound.

Rosy Bowers she sung,

While the Harmony rung,

H

And

And the Birds all fluttering drive;  
 The industrious Bees,  
 From the Flowers and Trees,  
 Gently hum with their Sweetness to their Hives.

The gay *God of Love*,  
 As he rang'd o'er the Grove,  
 By Zephyrs conducted along;  
 As she touch'd o'er the Strings,  
 He beat Time with his Wings,  
 And *Eccho* repeated the Song.

O ye Rovers beware,  
 How you venture too near,  
 For *Love* will you doubly wound;  
 Your Fate you can't shun,  
 But you're surely undone,  
 If you rashly approach near the Sound.

## S O N G CII.

**M**Y *Delia*, unveil those bright Eyes,  
 And view the Delights of the Spring;  
 The *Sun* has illumin'd the Skies,  
 The *Sky-Lark* is now on the Wing;  
 The *Shepherds* their Cottages leave,  
 And Zephyrs soft Gales do disclose;  
 Then some of the Odours receive  
 Which *Flora* now kindly bestows.

The Beauties around me do throng,  
 And Flowers now gaily appear;  
 Regardless I still pass along,  
 They charm not till *Delia* is here:  
 Then,auteous *Delia*, arise,  
 And haste with your *Strepson* away;  
 Inspect both the Earth and the Skies,  
 The Wonders of Nature survey.

S O N G

## S O N G CIII.

**M**Y Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray,  
 The little Wanderer lost her Way,  
 In gath'ring Flowers the other Day;  
 Poor *Phillis*, poor *Phillis*, poor lovely *Phillis*.

Ah! lead her Home, ye gentle Swains,  
 Who know an absent Lover's Pains,  
 And bring me safely, o'er the Plains,  
 My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind,  
 And if you'll be so just and kind,  
 I'll give you certain Marks to find,  
 My *Phillis*, &c.

Whene'er a charming Form you see,  
 Serenely grave, sedately free,  
 And mildly gay, it must be she,  
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,  
 But under Cover slightly press'd,  
 In secret plays the little Breast  
 Of *Phillis*, &c.

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,  
 As makes you think a Dryad near;  
 Ah! seize her, and bring home my Dear,  
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

The Nymph, whose Person, void of Art,  
 Has every Grace in every Part,  
 With murdering Eyes, yet harmless Heart,  
 Is *Phillis*, &c.

Whose Teeth are like an Ivory Row,  
 Whose Skin is like the clearest Snow,  
 Whose Face, like—*Nothing that I know*,  
 Is *Phillis*, &c.

But rest, my Soul, and bless your Fate,  
 The Gods, who form'd a Piece so neat,  
 So just, exact, and so compleat,  
 As *Phillis*, &c.

Proud of their Hit in such a Flower,  
Which so exemplifies their Power,  
Will guard, in every dang'rous Hour,  
My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

## S O N G C I V.

A Ttend, ye ever tuneful *Swains*,  
That, in melodious lulling Strains,  
Of *Chloe* sing or *Phillis*;  
Tho' weak my Skill, tho' rude my Verse,  
Upbraid me not while I rehearse  
The Charms of *Polly Willis*.

Tho' languid I, and poor in Thought,  
No Simile shall here be brought,  
From *Roses*, *Pinks*, or *Lillies*;  
Some meaner Beauties they may hit,  
But sure no Simile can fit  
The Charms of *Polly Willis*.

A Simile to match her Hair,  
Her lovely Forehead, high and fair,  
Beyond my greatest Skill is ;  
How then, ye Gods ! can be express'd  
The Eyes, the Lips, the heaving Breast  
Of charming *Polly Willis* ?

She's not, like *Venus*, on the Flood,  
Or as she once on *Ida* stood,  
Nor mortal *Amaryllis* ;  
Frame all that's lovely, bright, and fair,  
Of pleasing Shape, and killing Air ;  
And that is *Polly Willis*.

The Time for Charms may wear away,  
All Beauty must in Time decay,  
Yet in her Power there still is  
A Charm which shall her Life endure,  
I mean the spotless Mind and pure  
Of charming *Polly Willis*.



## SONG CV.

**Y**E *Shepherds* and *Nymphs*, that adorn the gay  
Plains,

Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strains ;  
Amongst all your Number, a  *Lover*  so true  
Was ne'er so undone with such Bliss in his View.

Was ever a  *Nymph*  so hard-hearted as mine ?  
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;  
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,  
But calmly, and mildly, resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her  *Lover*  denies,  
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my  
Sighs ;

A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,  
Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears ;  
Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears ;  
When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,  
My trembling Lips bless her in spite of my Grief.

By Night while I slumber, still haunted with Care,  
I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the  *Fair*  ;  
The  *Fair*  sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so,  
And only, when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Distance, nor farther aspire,  
Nor think she could  *love*  whom she cannot admire ;  
Hush all thy Complaining, and dying her Slave,  
Commend her to Heaven, and thyself to the Grave.

## SONG CVI.

**S***Trephon*, with native Freedom bless'd,  
No Passion long could move ;

No gentle Flame glow'd in his Breast,

Nor ever thought of  *Love* .

Whene'er he view'd the shining  *Fair* ,

'Twas coldly and uncharm'd ;

Nor Shape, nor Features, nor an Air,

His icy Bosom warm'd.

Oft did he bid his fellow *Swains*;

Of dangerous *Love* beware ;

And often in unhallow'd Strains

Prophan'd the tender *Fair* ;

But *Venus*, zealous to assert

Her Honour without Stain,

Bid *Love* prepare a chosen Dart,

To wound the savage *Swain*.

Now *Strephon* loves the coldest Maid

That ever gave Despair ;

The Earth is nightly all his Bed,

His Covering the cold Air.

*Pygmalion* thus, as *Poets* tell,

Was doom'd by Sentence just,

For like Prophaneness and Despite,

To love a marble Bust.

# SONG CVII.

**H** Ark, hark, the Huntsman sounds his Horn,  
A Call to Music chides the Drone ;

*Ton, ton, &c.*

The Clangor wakes the drowsy Morn,

The Woods eccho the sprightly

*Ton, ton, &c.*

The loud-tongu'd Cry, the Concert fill,

Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn ;

*Ton, ton, &c.*

We mount and now we climb the Hill,

Then swift descending sweep the Lawn.

*Ton, ton, &c.*

The distant Stag our Accent hears,

Our Accents fatal to him alone ;

*Ton, ton, &c.*

He rousing starts, and, wing'd with Fears,

Forfakes the Thicket, seeks the Down.

*Ton, ton, &c.*

Altho'

Altho' *Diana* claims the Field,

The Woods and Forests, tho' her own ;

*Ton, ton, &c.*

The Groves to *Venus* let her yield,

Where we may follow her sportive Son.

*Ton, ton, &c.*

What Joy to trace the blooming *Lads*,

Thro' darksome Grotts with Moss o'ergrown ?

*Ton, ton, &c.*

What Harmony can ours surpass,

When joining Chorus Dove-like moan ?

*Ton, ton, &c.*

In various Sports the Day thus spent,

Fatigu'd with Pleasure when Night comes ;

*Ton, ton, &c.*

Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our Hearts content,

With Wine regaling, Cares we drown.

*Ton, ton, &c.*

### S O N G C V I I I .

**T**O *Fortune* give immortal Praise,

*Fortune* deposes, and can raise ;

*Fortune* the captive Chains does break,

And brings despairing Exiles back ;

However low this Hour we fall,

One lucky Minute may mend all.

'Tis *Fortune* governs all below :

The Statesman's Wiles, the Gamester's Throw,

The Soldier's Fame, the Merchant's Gains,

The *Lover's* Joy, the Prisoner's Chains,

Are but as *Fortune* shall bestow,

'Tis *Fortune* governs all below.

### S O N G C I X .

**L**A D S and Lasses,

Take your Places,

Hither

Hither merrily repair ;  
 Piping, singing,  
 Sporting, springing,  
 All for the Honour of our Fair.

Come all on the Grass,  
 The Day let us pass,  
 With Music and Lasses that *love* us ;  
 We relish Delight,  
 Both by Day and by Night,  
 Far better than *Lovers* above us.

The great Ones at Court  
 Are glatted with Sport,  
 Their Leisure their Pleasure destroy ;  
 But still at a Fair,  
 A Day's worth a Year ;  
 And there we all riot in Joy.

## S O N G CX.

**M**Y Time, O ye *Shepherds* ! was merrily spent,  
 When along with *Belinda* I frequently went ;  
 A thousand soft Transports I felt in my Breast,  
 Which may be imagin'd, yet can't be express'd.

But now she is gone, and has left me alone,  
 I do nothing but languish, lament, and bemoan ;  
 I'm grown a mere Shadow, and all the Folks cry,  
 Alas ! poor *Alexis* is going to die.

When *Belinda* smil'd on me, what Sights have I seen !  
 The Lilly look'd fairer, the Grass was more green ;  
 The Violet smelt sweeter, more fragrant the Rose,  
 And *Flora* seem'd pleas'd all her Pride to disclose.

But now she has left me, such Sights are not here,  
 Nor Lillies, nor Roses, nor Violets appear ;  
 And Tulips hang drooping whene'er I pass by,  
 As much as to say—Soon, *Alexis* ! you'll die.

We often have sat by the Fountain's clear Spring,  
 Where, while to her I pip'd, *Belinda* would sing ;

The



The Woods would all warble the Notes of my Fair;  
And the Trees *kiss* each other, because she was there.

But now she is gone, how I spend the dull Day,  
My Pipe I've neglected, nor know how to play;  
To the Woods where I wander, and breathe forth my  
Pain,

The Woods all upbraid me, and blab it again.

Fly swifter, ye Minutes! far faster, ye Hours!  
And favour my Wish, ye omnipotent Powers!  
Old Time! be good-humour'd, and lie thee away,  
When *Belinda* returns you may rest a whole Day.

To behold my *Belinda*, O what would I give?  
To live thus without her, what Torments to live?  
Ye Gods! would you soon put an End to my Pain,  
Send back my *Belinda*, or take back her *Swain*.

# SONG CXI.

**W**HY, *Celia*, dost thou shun our Sex,  
Of matrimonial Bands afraid?

Or is't a Pleasure to perplex,  
That makes thee live so long a Maid?

Is *Man*, alas! so vers'd in Harms?

That you should from his Converse fly;  
Or fear to trust him with thy Charms,  
Or with thy dearer Property.

Distinguish, *Celia*, when you judge,

There is one sober, chaste, and true;

Who for thy Bliss no Pains will grudge,

Yet think that Service Freedom too.

Quit the odd Scheme thy Mind has form'd

Of Chastity, and Vow of Nuns;

More happy she! who yields when storm'd,

And in the Victor's Bosom runs.

Must the choice Talents Heaven has lent,

Be only in a Napkin laid;

Or thy Light in a Measure pent,

Which ought Abroad to be display'd:

To what Advantage does the Rose  
 In unfrequented Deserts bloom?  
 Where none its Beauty can disclose,  
 Or smell with Rapture its Perfume.  
 Then venture on new Scenes of Life,  
 Let ev'ry needless Fear subside;  
 Heaven decrees the virtuous *Wife*,  
 And Nature smiling forms the *Bride*.  
*Love*, sportive, spreads his purple Wings,  
 With gay and flowery Chaplets crown'd;  
 The Muses strike the trembling Strings,  
 And all the Graces dance around.

## S O N G CXII.

**W**HEN, *Delia*, leaning on thy Breast;  
 What Transports of Delight I feel!  
*Arabia's* balmy Sweets I taste,  
 When I thy Lips with *Kisses* feel!  
 What Bliss each tender Look bestows!  
 What pleasing Pangs my Bosom swell,  
 When to my Heart I press thee close,  
 And in soft Sighs my Passion tell!  
 Say, if the Prelude be so sweet,  
 What must the full Possession prove?  
 When *Hymen* makes our Joys compleat,  
 And gives thee to my constant *Love*.  
 Then shall I clasp each latent Charm,  
 And call the *lovely* Treasure mine;  
 Then, circled in thy snowy Arms,  
 Dissolve in Extasy divine.

## S O N G CXIII.

**H**OW happy seems that rustic Boy  
 Who playing keeps the Kine?  
 Pleasure is all his sweet Employ,  
 Nor Cares his Minutes join.

His Cattle little Watching need  
Tame feeding all the Day ;

A roving Glance is all his Heed,  
And then again to play.

He runs to Waters Amber clear,  
To slack his thirsty Heat ;

While Hunger makes his homely Chear  
Outvie a lordly Treat.

The sighing Breeze, the purling Pile,  
(By *Sunny* Walk or Bower)

His Ear all Nature's Concerts fill,  
Her Sweets charm every Power.

He casts for Fish the guiling Hook,  
And whistles as it floats ;

Patience sits smiling in his Look,  
Delighted with the Notes.

And now he makes Spring verdant Flute  
Of homely Nettles pale ;

And saunters, follow'd by the Brutes,  
Shrill piping through the Vale.

And now on turfy Bed he lies,  
No Roof from *Phœbus*' Beams ;

Birds sing around him while he sleeps,  
And tastes of honey Dreams.

If *Angels* ever have the Power  
The Innocent to keep ;

No doubt they hover where he lies,  
And bless his gentle Sleep.

# SONG CXIV.

**W**Here the Light cannot pierce in a Grove of  
tall Trees,

With my *Fair one* as blooming as *May* ;  
Undisturb'd by all but the Sighs of the Breeze,  
Let me pass the hot Noon of the Day.

When

When the *Sun*, less intense, to the Westward inclines,  
 For the Meadows, the Groves we'll forsake ;  
 And see the Rays dance as inverted he shines,  
 On the Face of some River or Lake.

Where my *Fairest* and I, on the Verge as we pass,  
 (For its *She* that must still be my Theme)

Our Shadows may view in the wat'ry Glance,  
 While the Fish are at Play in the Stream.

May the Herds cease to low, and the Lambkins to  
 bleat,

When she sings me some amorous Strain ;  
 All be silent and hush'd, unless *Eccho* repeat  
 The kind Words and sweet Sounds back again.

And when we return to our Cottage at Night,  
 Hand in Hand as we sauntering stray ;

Let the *Moon's* silver Beams thro' the Leaves give us  
 Light,

Just direct us and chequer our Way.

Let the Nightingale warble its Note in our Walk,  
 As thus gently and slowly we move ;  
 And no single Thought be express'd in our Talk,  
 But Friendship improv'd into *Love*.

Thus enchanted each Day with these rural Delights,  
 And secure from Ambition's Alarms ;  
 Soft *Love* and Repose shall divide all our Night,  
 And each Morning shall rise with new Charms.

# SONG CXV.

**S**O lovely are a *Woman's* Charms,  
 Beauty can conquer more than Arms ;  
*Cupid* has conquer'd more by far,  
 Than *Mars* e'er did by bloody War.

Emperors, Courtiers, rural *Savains*,  
 For *Women* never grudge their Pains ;  
 Eagerly they do pursue,  
 What can't a charming *Woman* do ?

Kings



*Kings* for their Sakes oft quit their Thrones  
 And the Sceptres tumble down ;  
 For *Ladies* Favours oft they sue,  
 What can't a charming *Woman* do ?

*Women* make valiant *Men* shed Tears,  
 And often *Parsons* leave their Prayers,  
 And often leave their Study too :  
 What can't a charming *Woman* do ?

*Lawyers*, with all their subtle Arts,  
*Women* can captivate their Hearts :  
 For them they'll gain all Causes too,  
 What can't a charming *Woman* do ?

*Women*, by Heaven, were first design'd  
 To be a Blessing to Mankind ;  
 They're all our Happiness in View,  
 What can't a charming *Woman* do ?

Virtuous *Women* Jewels are,  
 What can with their bright Charms compare ?  
 We must love them that is true,  
 What can't a charming *Woman* do ?

Heavens grant me a virtuous *Wife*,  
 The greatest Comfort of my Life ;  
 When to her *Husband* she proves true,  
 What can't a charming *Woman* do ?

O ! such a *Wife* would make one blest'd,  
 She'd lull us with her Charms to Rest ;  
 Sweeten all Care and Trouble too,  
 What can't a charming *Woman* do ?

# SONG CXVI.

**F** Lorella first in Charms and Wit,  
 In whose enchanting sparkling Eyes  
 All the bright Soul's Perfections sit,  
 And such resistless Magic lies ;  
 O can you thus, divinely Fair,  
 Suppose your *Damon* insincere ?

To all the Circles of the *Fair*,  
 That grace the Court, the Ball, the Play,  
 Let my *lov'd* doubting *Nymph* repair,  
 And every shining Form survey ;  
 And, if she meets her Equal there,  
 Conclude her *Damon* insincere.  
 Or if my *Fair* should chance to pass  
 (What Art for Beauty's Use design'd)  
 The bright, unsullied, faithful Glass,  
 Itself an Emblem of her Mind ;  
 Let her behold her Image there,  
 And own I can't be insincere.  
 Let her survey the rosy Bloom,  
 O'er all the *lovely* Face confess'd,  
 And let her sparkling Eyes assume  
 The Charms that rob my Soul of Rest ;  
 And then, to bless my ravish'd Ear,  
 Confess I can't be insincere.

## SONG CXVII.

'TIS *Liberty*, dear *Liberty* alone,  
 That gives fresh Beauty to the *Sun*;  
 That gives fresh Beauty to the *Sun* ;  
 'Tis *Liberty*, 'tis *Liberty*, dear *Liberty* alone,  
 That bids all Nature look more gay,  
 And *lovely* Life with Pleasure steal away,  
 And *lovely* Life with Pleasure steal away.  
 'Tis *Liberty*, dear *Liberty* alone,  
 Dear *Liberty* alone,  
 That bids all Nature look more gay,  
 And *lovely* Life with Pleasure steal away,  
 And *lovely* Life with Pleasure steal away,  
 And *lovely* Life with Pleasure steal away.

## S O N G CXVIII.

**T**O sooth my Heart, the *Queen of Love*  
 Gave thee the Mildness of the Dove;  
 With tender Looks of soft Distress,  
 To rob me of my Quietness.

*Apollo* likewise did conspire  
 To lend thee both his Art and Lyre;  
 And thus compell'd by joint Decree,  
 I ever must *love* only thee.

## S O N G CXIX.

**C**OME, ever smiling *Liberty*,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train.

Come, ever smiling *Liberty*,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train.

Come, ever smiling, *smiling Liberty*,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train,  
 And with thee bring thy jocund Train, thy jocund  
 Train,

And with thee bring thy jocund Train.  
 For thee we pant and sigh,  
 For thee, &c.

With whom eternal Pleasures reign.

Come, ever smiling *Liberty*,

And with thee bring thy jocund Train,

Come, ever smiling *Liberty*,

Come, ever smiling *Liberty*,

And with thee bring thy jocund Train,

Thy jocund Train,

And with thee bring thy jocund Train.

## S O N G CXX.

**S** H E wept, the fair *Arpasia* wept,  
 In pearly Showers the Tears distill'd ;  
 Nor Shame the gushing Torrents kept  
 But down her glowing Cheeks they thrill'd.

Soon was her snowy *Bosom* wet,  
 With briny Drops that swiftly fell ;  
 Thus made than Honey far more sweet,  
 But yet a Poison sure to kill.

Might I have sipt that falling Dew,  
 Which in her panting *Bosom* hung ;  
 Well pleas'd I had my Bane pursu'd,  
 And gladly dry'd it with my Tongue.

Beneath, tho' lurking Serpents hid,  
 Tho' on that *Bosom* lay a Sting ;  
 To've quaff'd the Streams there swiftly glid,  
 Would have outvy'd *Olympus' King*.

## S O N G CXXI.

**A** T Dead of Night, when Cares give Place,  
 In others Breast, to soft Repose,  
 My throbbing Heart finds no Recess,  
 Since *Love* and *Chloris* are my Foes.

At Morn, when *Phœbus* from the East  
 Dispels the gloomy Shades of Night ;  
 The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breast,  
 Redoubles at the Approach of Light.

At Noon, when most *intense* he shines,  
 My Sorrows more *intense* are grown ;  
 At Ev'ning when the *Sun* declines,  
 They set not with a setting *San*.

To my Relief thus hasten Death,  
 And ease me of my restless Woes ;  
 With Pleasure I'll resign my Breath,  
 Since *Love* and *Chloris* are my Foes.



## S O N G CXXII.

**O** Come, *Lavinia*, lovely Maid,  
Said *Dion*, stretch'd at Ease,  
Beneath the Walnut's fragrant Shade,  
A sweet Retreat, by Nature made,  
With Elegance to please.

O leave the Court's deceitful Glare,  
Loath'd Pageantry and Pride;  
Come taste our solid Pleasures here,  
Which *Angels* need not blush to share,  
And with blest *Man* divide.

What Raptures were it in those Bowers,  
Fair *Virgin*, chaste and wise,  
With thee to lose the learned Hours,  
And not the *Beauties* of these Flowers,  
Conceal'd from vulgar Eyes!

For thee my gaudy Garden blooms,  
And richest Flowers grows,  
Above the Pomp of royal Rooms,  
Or purple Works of *Persian* Looms,  
Proud Palaces disclose.

Haste, *Nymph*, nor let me sigh in vain;  
Each Grace attends on thee;  
Exalt my Bliss, and point my Strain,  
For *Love* and Truth are of thy Train,  
Content and Harmony.

## S O N G CXXIII.

**W**Here is Pleasure, tell me where,  
What can touch thy Breast with Joy?  
All around the spacious Sphere,  
Let my *Muse* her Search employ.  
Wealth, thy shining Stores produce,  
Heap'd in golden Mountains, rise;  
Thee let senseless *Misers* chuse,  
Thou can'st ne'er allure my Eyes.

*Honour*, let thy Chariot rowl,  
Deck'd with Titles, Pageants, Arms;  
Thou may'st charm th'ambitious Soul,  
But for me thou hast no Charms.

Ruddy *Bacchus*, try thy Pow'r,  
Gaily laugh astride thy Tun;  
Thee let frantic *Bards* adore,  
Pleasure thou for me hast none.

Only *Delia*, gentle *Fair*!  
Can the precious Boon bestow;  
Give, ye *Powers*, O give me her,  
She's the All I ask below.

## S O N G CXXIV.

**I**ncomparably mild and winning,  
Ever with new Beauties shining;  
Howe'er employ'd you chance to be,  
Spare one Thought, and think of me.

While graceful in the Dance you move,  
Prompting all who view to *Love*;  
Say, how happy must I be,  
If you kindly think of me.

Sweet Compliance with thee dwelling,  
All the rest in Wit excelling;  
In Turn of Thought for ever new,  
Think of me as I of you.

## S O N G CXXV.

**A** Shift me, *Cupid*, give me Wings,  
'To fly to *Celia*'s Arms;  
Her Voice, as when a *Syren* sings,  
My frozen Blood alarms.

Come, *Celia*, come, and ease the Smart  
Which those bright Eyes have made;  
O! do not tantalize my Heart,  
But haste and give me Aid.

Let's

Let's haste, my *Love*, and, while we may,  
 The silent Hours employ ;  
 Nor mind what other Mortals say,  
 To fright us from our Joy.  
 Such, who in *Hymen's* Courts ne'er love,  
 Delights they Vices call ;  
 And stupid to the Sports of *Love*,  
 In Life scarce live at all.  
 On this soft, panting, snowy Breast,  
 Let me my Care beguile ;  
 While you consent to make me blest,  
 And answer with a Smile.

## S O N G CXXVI.

W H E N *Celia* displays her fond Charms,  
 Her Efforts I bravely defy ;  
 She thinks she my Reason disarms,  
 • And fancies I languish and die.  
 But, alas ! while she trifles and toys,  
 In Hopes to entangle my Heart ;  
 Regardless, I look on those Joys,  
 Which in others occasion a Smart.  
 With her Eyes she pursues me in vain,  
 And imagines her Arts I approve ;  
 Designing to heighten my Pain,  
 Then say, — *She another must love*.  
 But my Heart is unfeigned and true,  
 Not form'd to be won by a Glance ;  
 And the *Fair-one*, to whom it is due,  
 Has certainly caught it by Chance.

## S O N G CXXVII.

W H E N *Sol* was at Rest  
 On *Thetis's* Breast,  
 And

And Ev'ning grew dusky and brown,  
 E're *Dian* the *Fair*,  
 Had gilded her Hair,  
 And put on her Straw-colour'd Gown;

When *Dolly* had now  
 Done milking her Cow,  
 And *Roger* return'd o'er the Mead;  
 He spied an old *Wight*,  
 In pitiful Plight,  
 Leaning sad on the Neck of his Steed;

His Hand did sustain  
 A Taper or twain,  
 Full trimly encircled with Horn;  
 It shone on the Ground,  
 Some Spaces around,  
 As bright as the *Star* of the Morn.

While *Roger* survey'd  
 This meagre old Blade,  
 He heard a most sorrowful Cry,  
 Whoever you are,  
 Catch Hold——*any where*,  
 And help me out quick, or I die.

He turn'd at the Sound,  
 And instantly found  
 A Coach with its Wheels in the Air;  
 The Wares it contain'd,  
 In Language unfeign'd,  
 Next Stanza shall partly declare.

Eight Legs stood upright,  
 All cloathed in White,  
 With Shoes both of Silk and of Leather;  
 And nought else was seen,  
 Either Scarlet or Green,  
 To save their fair Skins from the Weather.

With wond'rous Surprize,  
*Roger* feast'd his Eyes,

And



And view'd each *particular* Feature;

But the Muse is too coy,

To describe what the Boy

Could discern of the Secrets of Nature.

Whatever Delight

Roger took in the Sight,

He freed the fair Ladies from Danger;

Who blush'd as they rose,

And stroak'd down their Cloaths,

And bless'd the kind Aid of the Stranger.

### S O N G CXXVIII.

**M**Y Heart, ye Gods, how free my Heart,

How blithsome every Day!

I never dreaded *Cupid's* Dart,

Nor his imperial Sway.

But when transcendent *Anne* I saw,

Her bright *Angelie* Form,

My icy Heart began to thaw,

My Breast was in a Storm.

I did express, in plaintive Sighs,

The Cause of all my Grief;

The tender *Maid* did sympathize,

And, smiling, gave Relief.

Thus when the rolling Billows rage,

And Barks expect to stave;

Great *Neptune* does the Storm assuage

With his but trident Wave.

In *Nancy* every Grace is seen,

With Air enticing join'd:

*Lovely*, as *Venus*, in her Mein,

*Minerva* like her Mind.

While some a rural Life pursue,

And others Courts admire;

In *Nancy* all those Scenes I view,

In her all Joys conspire.

**Y**OUNG *Sylvia* ever gay and fair,  
Known for her Wit and well-bred Air,

A Visit one Day made,

A Visit one Day made ;

Where *Simon*, with an aukward Mein,

Unluckily for him came in,

His Folly to betray,

His Folly to betray.

He bow'd and scrap'd, ne'er took his Chair,

But wou'd all round salute the *Fair*,

Not only those he knew,

*Not only, &c.*

He visited the shining *Belle*,

The Visitor, ah ! Shame to tell,

The Blockhead *kiss'd* her too,

The Blockhead *kiss'd* her too.

And what was worse, or was as bad,

The rest, by his Example led,

Repeated his Affront,

*Repeated, &c.*

The *Last* did her Resentment shew,

She snapt her Fan, she bent her Brow ;

Such Rudeness ! fie upon't,

*Such Rudeness, &c.*

Fair-one, while thus your Anger burns,

If *Simon* to the Place returns,

As soon, no doubt, he will,

*As soon, &c.*

Be there with twenty *Virgins* more,

For *Kisses* three ! inflict threescore,

You can't use him too ill,

*You can't, &c.*

Do at the self-same Time and Place,

That all may witness his Disgrace,

Repeat the Punishment,

*Repeat, &c.*

*With*

With throbbing Heart the guilty Clown  
 Shall your impartial Justice own,  
 And — sit him down content,  
 And — sit him down content.

## S O N G CXXX.

**T**HE new flown Birds the *Shepherds* sing;  
 And welcome in the *May* ;  
 Come, *Pastorella*, now the Spring  
 Makes every Landskip gay ;  
 Wide spreading Trees their leafy Shade  
 O'er half the Plain extend ;  
 Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,  
 Their quivering Branches bend,  
 Their quivering Branches bend ;  
 Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,  
 Their quivering Branches bend.  
 Come taste the Season in its Prime,  
 And bless the rising Year ;  
 Oh ! how my Soul grows sick of Time,  
 Till you, my *Lowe*, appear :  
 Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,  
 Warm in thy *Beauties* shine :  
 When thy dear Flocks shall feed and play,  
 And intermix with mine,  
 And intermix, &c.  
 When thy dear Flocks shall feed and play,  
 And intermix with mine.

## S O N G CXXXI.

**W**H Y, cruel Creature, why so bent  
 To vex a tender Heart ?  
 To Gold and Title you relent,  
 To Gold and Title you relent ;  
 In vain *Lowe* throws his Dart,  
 In vain *Lowe* throws his Dart.

Let

Let garter'd *Knights* in Courts be great,  
 For Pay let *Armies* move;  
*Beauty* should have no other Bait,  
*Beauty, &c.*

But gentle Vows and *Love*,  
*But gentle, &c.*

If on thy Charms 'you think to lay  
 The Value that's their due;  
*Kings* are themselves too poor to pay,  
*Kings, &c.*

Their Subjects all too few,  
*Their Subjects, &c.*

But if a Passion without Vice,  
 Without Disguise or Art;  
 Oh, *Celia*! if true *Love's* your Price,  
*Oh, Celia! &c.*

Behold it in my Heart,  
*Behold it, &c.*

### S O N G CXXXII.

**S**hould *Love* sincere, devoid of Art,  
 Less Joy or Bliss bestow,  
 Because the Hand goes with the Heart,  
 Must that create our Woe?  
 Tho' *Hymen's* Torch burns often dim,  
 'Tis not poor *Hymen's* Fault;  
 He ne'er design'd his *Nymphs* and *Swains*,  
*He ne'er, &c.*

Should traffick or be bought,  
 Should traffick or be bought.

But *Plutus*, Foe to gen'rous *Love*,  
 Its Ruin, Curse, and Bane,  
 Resolv'd that *Gold* should only move  
 The youthful *Nymph* and *Swain*.  
 Thus Riches join unequal Pair,  
 Neglecting Care and Rule;  
 The ugly with the blooming *Fair*,  
*The ugly, &c.*

The



The *Witty* with the *Fool*,

The *Witty*, &c.

Let Sense and Merit fix your Choice,

Good Nature too should aid ;

Attend to Truth's unerring Voice,

And let not Wealth persuade :

A Partner, thus by Reason chose,

Your Tenderneſs repays,

No Charms no Fetters will impoſe,

No Charms, &c.

But ſooths your Nights and Days,

But ſooths, &c.

# SONG CXXXIII.

**C**hloris, Darling of the *Muſes*,

*Fairer* than the blooming Spring ;

Sweeteſt Theme the *Poet* chuſes,

When of thee he ſtrives to ſing.

While my Soul with Wonder traces

All thy Charms of Face and Mind,

All the *Beauties*, all the Graces,

Of thy Sex in thee I find ;

All the *Beauties*, all the Graces,

Of thy Sex in thee I find.

Love, Delight, and Admiration,

In my Breſt alternate riſe ;

Words no more can paint my Paſſion,

Than the Pencil can your Eyes.

Laviſh Nature, thee adorning,

O'er your Lips and Cheeks has ſpread

Colours that ſurpaſs the Morning,

Smiling with ſweet roſy Red,

Colours that ſurpaſs, &c.

*Pallas*, *Venus* too, muſt never

Boaſt their Charms triumphant yet ;

*Chloris* bright outſhining ever

This in Beauty, that in Wit.

Could the *Gods*, in their Condition,  
 Aught on Earth with Pleasure view;  
 Lovely *Chloris*, their Ambition  
 Would be then to live with you;  
 Lovely *Chloris*, &c.

## S O N G CXXXIV.

**I**F Truth can fix thy wav'ring *Heart*,  
 Let *Damon* urge his Claim;  
 He feels the Passion void of Art,  
 The pure and constant Flame.  
 The sighing *Swallows* their Anguish tell,  
 Their sensual *Love* condemn;  
 They only prize the *beauteous* Shell,  
 But slight the inward *Gem*.

## S O N G CXXXV.

**W**H O, to win a *Woman's* Favour,  
 Would solicit long in vain?  
 Who, to gain a Moment's Pleasure,  
 Would endure an Age of Pain?  
 Vainly toying, ne'er enjoying,  
 Pleas'd with Suing, fond of Ruin,  
 Made the Martyr of Disdain.  
 Who, to win a *Woman's* Favour,  
 Would solicit long in vain?  
 Give to me the handsome Rover,  
 Whom a gen'rous Temper warms;  
 Kindly using every *Lover*,  
 Well bestowing all her Charms:  
 Never flying, but complying,  
 Frank and easy, glad to please ye,  
 Throw me then into her Arms.  
 Give to me a handsome Rover,  
 Whom a gen'rous Temper warms.

## S O N G CXXXVI.

*The MASQUERADE.*

C O M E, all ye *motly* Throng, that assemble here  
To-night,

And listen to my Song, it may heighten the Delight ;  
Here *Courtiers* and *Mechanics*, the *Churchman* and  
! the *Rake*,

The *Lady* and the *Bunter*, alike the Sport partake.

The *Matron* and the *Maid* are secure from prying  
Eyes,

For Laws of Masquerade don't require we should be  
wise ;

The *Duchess*, here a *Milkmaid*, may talk of *Teats* and  
*Cream*,

And will not be displeas'd if you'd treat her as she'd  
seem.

If any formal *Coxcomb* dislike the varied Show,  
Let ancient Authors mind him, *Jove* taught it first  
below ;

From him the masquing'Business for Pleasure first began,  
Or wherefore was he wrapt in the Feathers of a *Swan* ?

Agreeable Deception's the Entertainment here,  
The *Prude* may give a *Loose*, the *Coquet* may be sincere ;  
A *Drury Nymph* may be in *Diana's* Form ador'd,  
And in the merry Songster's a *Lady* and a *Lord*.

But, in these Scenes of Pleasures, such Fools should  
ne'er have Room,

Who know not how to answer the Habits they assume ;  
'Do you know me ?' if that's all you *Idiots* have to say,  
Pray, don't expose your Folly, but take yourselves  
away.

'Tis Mirth and sprightly *Wit* is the Business of the  
Place,

With something by the *Bye*—but I won't my Song  
disgrace ;

A *Fool* is fit for neither, no Pleasure can he prove ;  
 'Tis only Men of Humour can please the *Fair* in  
*Love*.

## S O N G CXXXVII.

**W**HILE *Strephon* on fair *Chloe* hung,  
 And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung ;  
 The *Nymph*, in a disdainful Air,  
 Thus smiling mock'd the *Shepherd's* Care.

*Swain*, I know that you discover  
 In my Form a thousand Charms ;  
 Can you point me out a *Lover*,  
 Worthy my encircling Arms ?

Boy, no more approach my Beauty,  
 Till you equal Merit boast ;  
 To adore me is a Duty,  
 Thousands witness to their Cost.

Stung to the Heart, the redd'ning *Swain*  
 On the vain *Maid* retorts again.

Foolish Creature, did each Feature  
 Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature ;  
 Go, o'erbearing, proud, insnaring,  
 Lay a thousand Fops despairing ;  
 Artful feigning, coy disdainning,  
 Vain *Coquet*, destroy them all ;  
 Then complying, sighing, dying,  
 To some Fool a Victim fall.

*Nymphs*, like you, while they're deceiving,  
*Angels* all in Front appear ;  
 But the *Sot* their Arts believing,  
 But the *Sot* their Arts believing,  
 Finds the *Devil* in the Rear.



## S O N G CXXXVIII.

**E**Merg'd from Winter's gloomy Scenes,  
The infant *Spring* appears ;  
The Meadow, strew'd with mingled Greens,  
An early *Beauty* wears.

The bulbous Winter sleeping Root,  
That late its Honours shed,  
Proud to display the earliest Shoots,  
Peeps from the genial Bed.

Snow-drops, in *Virgin* pure Attire,  
Their shamefac'd Blossoms rear ;  
And humble Crocus, golden Fire,  
Adorns the gay *Parterre*.

On mossy Banks in shelt'ring Bowers,  
By mazy wand'ring Streams ;  
The sweet blown Primrose sheds her Flowers  
To *Phæbus*' vernal Beams.

Hail, *Source of Light ! great Lamp of Day*,  
What Joys from thee arise ?

Nature revives where thou art nigh,  
If thou depart, she dies.

Groves, Woodlands, Hedge-rows, budding Scenes,  
With warning Preludes ring ;  
All Nature breathes a Joy serene,  
And hails the new-born Spring.

## S O N G CXXXIX.

**N**OW, *tyrant God*, thy Rule give o'er,  
And lay aside thy cruel Bow ;  
Thy Shafts shall wound Mankind no more,  
This, vain Deceiyer, thou shalt know.  
I'll make thy Tricks and Falshood plain  
To all the freeborn Sons of *Men* ;  
None will hereafter hug the Chain,  
And where's thy fancied Empire then ?

Thou know'st how often I've past by  
 The shining *Circles* of the *Fair* ;  
 Still casting but a heedless Eye  
 On all the brightest Glories there ;  
 But when *Septimia's* Charms I view'd,  
 To her I render'd up my Heart ;  
 Devoted at thy Shrine I stood,  
 And bless'd thy pleasing, killing Dart.  
 Yet, cruel *God*, thy faithless Craft,  
 When I had yielded to thy Dart,  
 Wounded the *Fair-one* with a Shaft,  
 Dipt in the Blood of *Pheron's* Heart.  
 So now, *fantastic Boy*, adieu,  
 I'll your despotic Sway forsake ;  
*Septimia's* Eyes, no more than you,  
 Shall over me a Conquest make.

## S O N G CXL.

**T**HE *Nymph*, who does my Soul alarm,  
 Possesses in her Bosom  
 A Mind whose Power preserves the Charm  
 Of *Youth's* endearing Blossom,  
 Of *Youth's* endearing Blossom.  
 Such Words must fix the Heart and Eyes,  
 Each frozen Breast inspiring,  
 With such substantial, lasting Joys,  
 To live and die, to live and die admiring.  
 When absent from my Charmer's Sight,  
 Inferior *Nymphs* caressing ;  
 I taste a transient faint Delight,  
 Which palls in the Possessing,  
 Which palls, &c.  
 But in the *Heaven* of *Myra's* Arms,  
 My ravish'd Fancy traces  
 Exhaustless Pleasures, endless Charms,  
 And never fading Graces,  
 And never fading, never fading Graces.

S O N G

## S O N G C X L I.

**T**H E R E lives a *Lass* upon the Green,  
 Cou'd I her Picture draw,  
 A brighter *Nymph* was never seen,  
 She looks and lives a little *Queen*,  
 And keeps the *Swains* in Awe.

Her Eyes are *Cupid's* Darts and Wings,  
 Her Eye-brows are his Bow ;  
 Her filken Hair, the silver Strings,  
 Which swift and sure Destruction brings  
 To all the Vale below.

If *Pastorella's* dawning Light  
 Can warm and wound us so ?  
 Her Noon must shine so piercing bright,  
 Each glancing Beam will kill outright,  
 And ev'ry *Swain* subdue.

## S O N G C X L I I.

**S**O F T Invader of my Soul,  
*Love*, who can thy Pow'r controul ?  
 All that haunt Earth, Air, and Sea,  
 Own thy Force, and bow to thee.  
 All the dear enchanting Day,  
*Celia* steals my Heart away ;  
 All the tedious, live-long Night,  
*Celia* swims before my Sight.  
 Happy, happy, were the *Swain*,  
 Who might such a Prize obtain ?  
 Other Joys he need not prove,  
 Bless'd enough in *Celia's Love*.

All that temptingly beguile,  
 Sparkling Eyes, and dimpling Smiles ;  
 Every Charm, and every Grace,  
 Dwells on charming *Celia's Face*.

Open, generous, free from Art,  
*Virtue* lives within her Heart ;  
 Modesty and Truth combin'd,  
 Suit her Person to her Mind.  
 Happy, happy, were the *Swain*,  
 Who might such a Prize obtain ?  
 Other Joys he need not prove,  
 Blest enough in *Celia's Love*.

## S O N G CXLIII.

**T**O O lovely *Maid*, withdraw those Eyes,  
 Which set my Soul on fire ?

Those piercing Orbs my Heart surprize,  
 And fill me with Desire,  
 And fill me with Desire.

Each Time I view thy *beauteous* Face,  
 In Raptures thus I cry ;  
 Grant me, ye *Gods*, the Power to gaze,  
 Or instant let me die,

*Or instant, &c.*

Such killing Charms around you move,  
 I dare not stand the Sight ;  
 Lest the too bold Presumption prove  
 The Bane of my Delight,

*The Bane, &c.*

Whene'er you speak, my willing Ears  
 Receive the welcome Sound ;  
 In Transports then I lose my Fears,  
 With Joy my Sense is drown'd,

*With Joy, &c.*

I sigh and pine, I know not why,  
 But fear the Cause is *Love* ;  
 To which with Pleasure I comply,  
 Oh ! be't from *Heaven* above,

*Oh ! be't, &c.*

With



With thee for ever could I live,  
 And blefs my happy Fate ;  
 Then, Pow'rs, be kind, and quickly give  
 To me this joyful State,  
 To me this joyful State.

## S O N G CXLIV.

*He.* **W**HEN you for me alone had Charms,  
 And none more happy fill'd your Arms ;  
 Your *Strephon* slighted, with Disdain,  
 The fairest Maidens of the Plain,  
 The fairest Maidens of the Plain.

*She.* While you remain'd to me sincere,  
 Nor any Maid was yet more dear ;  
 I then was blest, my Joys were true,  
 And I approv'd no *Swain* but you.

*He.* But *Delia* now has won my Heart,  
 And does an equal Flame impart ;  
 Thro' sportive Meads and Woods we rove,  
 And tell our pleasing Tales of Love.

*She.* *Collin* is now my Joy and Care,  
 Each Tree our plighted Vows shall bear ;  
 And sweetly glides the Summer's Day,  
 While every Month with him is May.

*He.* What if our former Love return,  
 And all my Bosom for you burn ;  
 If gentle *Delia* please no more,  
 And I'm your *Strephon*, as before ?

*She.* If *Phillis* may be woo'd again,  
 I'll leave the *Shepherds* of the Plain ;  
 Will love my *Strephon* kind and true,  
 And live and die alone with you.

## C H O R U S.

The *Swain* and *Maid* no more can prove  
 Unfaithful to each other's Love ;

Their

Their Breasts shall ever beat the same,  
And *Love* shine forth in purest Flame.

## S O N G CXLV.

**A**T *Upton* on the Hill,  
There lives a happy Pair ;  
The *Swain* his Name is *Will*,  
And *Molly* is the Fair ;  
Ten Years are gone and more,  
Since *Hymen* join'd those two ;  
Their Hearts were one, before  
The sacred Rites they knew.  
Since which auspicious Day  
Sweet Harmony does reign ;  
Both *love* and both obey,  
Hear this, each *Nymph* and *Swain* ;  
If haply Cares invade,  
(As who is free from Care ? )  
'Th' Impression's lighter made,  
By taking each a Share.  
Pleas'd with a calm Retreat,  
They've no ambitious View ;  
In Plenty live, not State,  
Nor envy those that do.  
Sure Pomp is empty Noise,  
And Cares increase with Wealth ;  
They aim at truer Joys,  
Tranquillity and Health.  
With Safety and with Ease,  
Their present Life does flow ;  
They fear no raging Seas,  
Nor Rocks that lurk below.  
May still a steady Gale  
Their little Gale attend,  
And gently fill each Sail,  
Till Life itself shall end.

S O N G

## S O N G CXLVI.

**W**HAT Raptures do possess the Soul,  
 When *Music* charms the Ear?  
 It can the Flames of *Love* controul,  
 Who then need *Cupid* fear?  
 And let the *Deity* of *Wine*  
 His utmost Art employ,  
*Apollo* is the *God* divine  
 That gives us truest Joy,  
 That gives us truest Joy.  
*Orpheus* tun'd his Lyre so well,  
 The Harmony was such,  
 That all the furious Fiends of Hell  
 Him had no Power to touch;  
 Such heav'nly Notes and melting Strains  
 From every String did flow,  
 They eas'd the great tormenting Pains  
 Of tortur'd Souls below,  
 Of tortur'd Souls below.  
 If, on this transitory Ball  
 There is a Form of Bliss,  
 Or what we Happiness may call,  
 In *Music's* Charms it is;  
 It fills our Souls with Extasy,  
 While our glad Thoughts do rove,  
 To the celestial Heav'n on high,  
 The Place of Joy and Love,  
 The Place of Joy and Love.

## S O N G CXLVII.

**H**ER Form upon my Soul's impress'd,  
 Her *Beauty's* flaming in my Breast;  
 Her *Virtue* well may be apply'd,  
 To Heaven-born Graces deify'd:  
 Her very Action gives Surprise,  
 And Radiance blazes in her Eyes;

Her

Her Voice alone might charm great *Jove*,  
And wake the World from Sleep to *Love*.

Thus in Idea I'll be blest'd,  
Her Charms shall sooth my Soul to Rest ;  
The farther from me *Nanny* flies,  
I'll in Idea reap more Joys :  
Unto her Shade I'll sing all Day,  
At Night, in Dreams, dissolve away ;  
Thus, in Imagination, I  
Her every Beauty will enjoy.

## S O N G CXLVIII.

**A**H ! luckless *Cupid*, art thou blind ?  
Can'st not thy Bow and Arrows find ?  
Thy Mother sure the wanton plays,  
And lays them up for Holidays.  
But, *Cupid*, mark how kind I'll be,  
Because you once were so to me ;  
I'll arm you with such pow'rful Darts,  
Shall make you once more *God of Hearts*.  
My *Chloe's* Breast shall be thy Court,  
Where little *Loves* shall play and sport ;  
Her snowy Arms shall be thy Bow,  
Which none but *Love* can bend, you know ;  
And of the Ringlets in her Neck,  
You shall your trembling Bowstrings make ;  
Then, taking Arrows from her Eyes,  
Whoe'er you shoot at surely dies.

## S O N G CXLIX.

**N**ature for thee has cull'd her Store,  
Then why should'st thou, fond *Maid*,  
Pretend to make thy *Beauty* more,  
In borrow'd Charms array'd,  
In borrow'd Charms array'd.

The



The radiant Plumes no more delight,  
 Nor once our Thoughts employ ;  
 Whilst thy own native Charms excite  
 Our Wonder, and our Joy,  
 Our Wonder, and our Joy.

Believe me, *Nymph*, their Glories fade,  
 Plac'd near thy brighter Eyes ;  
 Brilliants on you appear decay'd,  
 On others they'd surprize,  
 On others they'd surprize.  
 Since then *Heav'n*-deck'd ! you win all Hearts,  
 Make Dress no more your Care ;  
 To meaner Beauties leave those Arts,  
 Which you so well can spare,  
 Which you so well can spare.

## S O N G C L.

**T**H O' cruel Fate my With denies,  
 And shuts me from thy longing Eyes ;  
 The glad Remembrance of thy Charms  
 My Heart with tenderest Transport warms,  
 And leaves thine Image in my Breast,  
 With Mark indelible impress.

Tho' all the Pow'rs around us join  
 To shake thy *Love*, or alter mine ;  
 Tho' Nature change her wonted Course,  
 And filial Tears should lose their Force ;  
 Tho' tend'rest *Parents Tyrants* prove,  
 Yet still, my *Mira*, still I'd *love*.

Tho' Avarice (curs'd Bane of Peace)  
 Should keep me from my Happiness ;  
 Yet still my *Love* should follow thee,]  
 From every base Suspicion free :  
 My Heart should adverse Fate defy,  
 And triumph in thy Constancy.

L

Tho'

Tho' all the numerous Train of Woes,  
That *Love* inflict, or Absence knows,  
Should be my Lot ! and made compleat  
By this the last but heaviest Weight :  
Bar up each Avenue; and deny  
The poor Indulgence of a Sigh.

Should Impious dare the Hand of *Heav'n*,  
To force you where no Vows are giv'n ;  
Yet still I'd keep my Prize in View,  
Would still my leading Star pursue ;  
In artless Numbers make my Moan,  
And thus pursue thee, tho' unknown.

O *Love* ! instruct her willing Eyes  
To trace me thro' this dark Disguise ;  
To view my Passion, void of Art,  
And all the Meltings of my Heart ;  
Then her own Suff'rings will incline,  
By Sympathy, to think on mine.

## S O N G C L I.

**S**Tand round, my brave *Boys*, with Heart and with  
Voice,

And all in full Chorus agree ;  
We'll fight for our *King*, and as loyally sing,  
And let the World know we'll be Free,  
And let the World know we'll be Free.

## C H O R U S.

The *Rebels* shall fly, as-with Shouts we draw nigh,  
And *Eccho* shall Victory ring;

Then, safe from Alarms, w'e'll rest on our Arms,

And chorus it, Long live the *King*,  
Long live the *King*, Long live the *King*,  
Long live the *King*, Long live the *King*;  
And chorus it, Long live the *King*.

With Hearts firm and stout, we'll repel the bold  
Rout,

And follow fair *Liberty's* Call ;

We'll

We'll rush on the Foe, and deal Death in each Blow,  
Till Conquest and Honour crown all.

## C H O R U S.

Then Commerce once more shall bring Wealth to  
our Shore,

And Plenty and Peace bleſs the *Isle*;  
The Peaſant ſhall quaff off his Bowl with a Laugh,  
And reap the ſweet Fruits of his Toil.

## C H O R U S.

Kind *Love* ſhall repay the Fatigues of the Day,  
And melt us to ſofter Alarms;

Coy *Phillis* ſhall burn, at her Soldier's Return,  
And bleſs the brave *Youth* in her Arms.

## C H O R U S.

The *Rebels* ſhall fly, as with Shouts we draw nigh,  
And *Eccbo* ſhall Victory ring;

Then, ſafe from Alarms, we'll reſt on our Arms,  
And chorus it, Long live the *King*,  
Long live the *King*, Long live the *King*,  
Long live the *King*, Long live the *King*,  
And chorus it, Long live the *King*.

## S O N G CLII.

*The J I L T.*

**C**Rouds of *Coxcombs* thus deluding,  
Cringing, chattering, ogling, flatt'ring,  
By Coquetting, Jilting, Pruding,  
All are Victims to my Art.

While at Will the Fools I'm leading,  
They for Favours interceeding,  
With vain Hopes their Fancies feeding;  
Still untouch'd I keep my Heart,  
Still untouch'd I keep my Heart.

Each imagines he will gain me,  
Thinks I prize him who deſpiſe him;  
All their Wiles ſhall ne'er obtain me,  
Born to bubble all Mankind.

Like the Winds and Waves I'm changing,  
 Never constant, always ranging ;  
*Cupid* from my Heart estranging,  
 Which is cold as he is blind,  
 Which is cold as he is blind.

## S O N G C L I I I .

**L** E T me wander, not unseen,  
 By Hedge-rows, Elms, or Hillocks green ;  
 Where the *Plowmad*, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;  
 Where the *Plowman*, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land.

There the *Milkman*, singing blithe,  
 And the *Mower whets* his Scythe,  
 And every *Shepherd* tells his Tale  
 Under the Hawthorn in the Dale ;  
 And every *Shepherd* tells his Tale  
 Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

## S O N G C L I V .

**A** T setting Day, and rising Morn,  
 With Soul that still shall *love* thee,  
 I'll ask of *Heav'n* thy safe Return,  
 With all that can improve thee ;  
 I'll visit oft the Birkin Busk,  
 Where first you kindly told me  
 Sweet Tales of *Love*, and hid my Blush,  
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,  
 By Green-wood, Shade, or Fountain ;  
 Or where the Summer's Day I'd share  
 With you upon yon Mountain ;  
 There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,  
 With Thoughts unfeign'd and tender ;  
 By Vows you're mine, my *Love* is yours  
 My Heart, which cannot wander.



## S O N G C L V.

Nature, by *Love*, when once refin'd,  
 How quickly do the Passions find  
 An Union in the Breast?  
 How aptly in a Mirror's seen  
 Reviv'd the beatific Scene,  
 That our first Parent blest?

When Nature's *God* the Body form'd,  
 And scarce the enlivening Clay had warm'd,  
 He breath'd therein a Soul;  
 Scarce were his other Passions nam'd,  
 But Admiration all inflam'd,  
 And *Love* engag'd the whole.

Hence the rude *Man* first *Beauty* saw,  
 And blest the dear and genuine Law,  
 That should his Will subside;  
*Love* taught him how to mix Respect,  
 T' enforce his Words, his Thoughts direct,  
 And was his sov'reign Guide.

By Thought inspir'd, by Sight secur'd,  
 In Vision sought, by Time matur'd,  
 The Passion spread its Sway;  
*Possession* call'd its Beauties forth,  
*Fruition* signaliz'd its Worth,  
 And did its Power display.

When Vice his Innocence absorpt,  
 And all his Passions were corrupt,  
*Love* still remain'd the same;  
 Kind *Heav'n* forgot to be severe,  
 And soften'd Condemnation here,  
 His Mercy to proclaim.

To palliate all th' Effects of Sin,  
 He left a Paradise within,  
 An *Eden* of the Mind;

Corruption tainted ev'ry Part,  
And seiz'd on all Things but the Heart,  
The best was still behind.

*Beauty*, the flaming Sword, arose,  
At once to threaten and disclose  
An Entrance into Bliss ;  
He left the Blessings of a *Wife*,  
To *Man* a second Tree of Life,  
The tempting Fruit, — a *Kiss*.

## S O N G CLVI.

**I**F I was with *Delia* blest'd,  
(A Thought too presumptuous, I fear)  
On Earth 'twould be *Heav'n* possess'd,  
A Paradise then to live here :  
If *Delia* requites my fond Love,  
With a Flame, that (like mine) is divine ;  
Bear witness, ye *Powers* above,  
I'm wholly content if she's mine.

## S O N G CLVII.

**T**HE brightest Bloom the Rose displays,  
When gilded by *Aurora's* Lays ;  
The fairest Lilly of the Fields,  
Or cultivated Garden yields,  
Are like the Sun by Clouds inclos'd,  
When to *Clarinda's* Charms oppos'd.  
The *Cyprian Goddess*, far less fair,  
Did, rising from the Waves, appear ;  
When every gazing Eye admir'd,  
And every throbbing Heart desir'd ;  
Was but a Foil, nor can compare,  
For comely Presence, to the Fair.  
The rural Nymph, that rules the Shade,  
In Robes of *Chastity* array'd,

Is, for a Type of her bright Mind,  
 The nearest Emblem I can find ;  
 (As fair a Form, as fair a Fame)  
 What was *Diana*, is the Dame.

As *Venus* fair, *Lucretia*'s Truth,  
*Minerva*'s Wit, *Love*'s blooming Youth,  
 Great *Juno*'s Majesty divine,  
 In her (unparallel'd) combine ;  
 The Flowers, by gentle Zephyrs prest,  
 Are Emblems of her fragrant Breast.

If such a One can bless Mankind,  
 In *Woman*, if Content we find,  
 Judge, *Lovers*, judge, what I enjoy,  
 How great the Bliss which ne'er can cloy ;  
 Since, with a *Smile*, the Nymph will own,  
 Her Heart's Affections are my own.

## S O N G CLVIII.

**B**ear me, ye tuneful *Virgins*, where  
 Your fav'rite Sons in Concert play ;  
 Where Magic Sounds enchant the Ear,  
 And you yourselves inspire the Lay.

Where *Ranelagh*'s delightful Shades  
 Sooth every Breast, charm every Eye ;  
 Where od'rous Flow'rs perfume the Glades,  
 And Floods reflect each beauteous Dye.

Where Art and Nature kindly join  
 Their brightest Scenes to cheer the Mind :  
 Where, tho' each rural *Beauty* shine,  
 Unrivall'd Order still we find.

Too cool should Evening Breezes blow,  
 Or vernal Showers our Pleasure spoil ;  
 Lest Inconvenience might flow,  
 See ! *Rome* reviv'd, a stately Pile.

Where glittering *Chandeliers* around  
 Diffuse a splendid dazzling Light ;  
 Where sparkling *Beauties* press the Ground,  
 And swell each glowing *Youth's* Delight.

Here let me pass my Evening Hours,  
 With *Silvia Fair*, but cold as Snow :  
 Breathe my fond Sighs amidst thy Bowers,  
 Or where thy crystal Waters flow.

While *Music*, ever Friend to *Love*,  
 And aided by the gen'rous Glafs,  
 Propitious to my Vows shall prove,  
 And melt the lovely, yielding Lafs.

## S O N G CLIX.

**B**LOW on, ye Winds, descend soft Rain,  
 To sooth my tender Woes ;  
 Your solemn *Music* lulls my Pain,  
 And give me short Repose.

The *Sun*, that makes all Nature gay,  
 Disturbs my wearied Eyes ;  
 And in dark Shades I waste the Day,  
 Where *Eccho* sleeping lies.

Then pity me, O gentle *Love*,  
 And come to my Relief ;  
 Left Innocence and Virtue prove  
 A Sacrifice to Grief.

## S O N G CLX.

**W**H Y, *Chloe*, still those jealous Heats,  
 And why that falling Tear ?  
 The Heart, that to a Thousand beats,  
 To one may be sincere,  
 To one may be sincere.



To sweeten Autumn's milder Rays,  
 The sultry Summer glows ;  
 And chilling Dews, and beating Rain,  
 Give Freshness to the Rose,  
 Give Freshness to the Rose.

So I, my *Chloe* to endear,  
 To meaner Beauties stray ;  
 And call *December* to my Year,  
 To brighten up the *May*,  
 To brighten up the *May*.

Then weep not that my Heart's inclin'd  
 To every Face that's new ;  
 I wander to return more kind,  
 And change but to be true,  
 And change but to be true.

## S O N G CLXI.

Come, *Mira*, Idol of the Swains,  
 Advance with Majesty divine ;  
 Come, *Mira*, Idol of the Swains,  
 Advance with Majesty divine ;  
 To Bowers, where gracious *Flora* reigns,  
 And warbling sing the *Muses* Nine,  
 And warbling sing the *Muses* Nine.

Come every sprightly Joy to taste,  
 That rural Art and Nature boast ;  
 Come every sprightly Joy to taste,  
 That rural Art and Nature boast ;  
 Fly hither with the Lightning's Haste,  
 And be the universal Toast,  
 And be the universal Toast.

A Scene so *beauteous* can't be shown,  
 Tho' thou should'st every Realm survey ;  
 A Scene so *beauteous*, &c.  
 As all where'er thou-com'st must own,  
 Thy Graces bear unrivall'd Sway.

S O N G

## S O N G CLXII.

**F**AIR is the *Swan*, the *Ermin* white,  
 And fair the Lilly of the Vale;  
 The *Moon*, resplendent *Queen* of Night,  
 And Snows that drive before the Gale;  
 In Fairness these the rest excel,  
 But fairer is my *Isabel*.

Sweet is the Violet, sweet the Rose,  
 And sweet the Morning Breath of *May*;  
 Carnations rich their Sweets disclose,  
 And the sweet winding Woodbines flay;  
 In Sweetness these the rest excel,  
 But sweeter is my *Isabel*.

Constant the *Poets* call the *Dove*,  
 And amorous they the *Sparrow* call;  
 Fond is the Sky-Lark of his Love,  
 And fond the feather'd Lovers all;  
 In Fondness these the rest excel,  
 But fonder I of *Isabel*.

## S O N G CLXIII.

**M**Y roving Heart has oft, with Pride,  
 Dissolv'd *Love's* filken Chains;  
 The wanton Deity defy'd,  
 And scorn'd his sharpest Pains:  
 But from thy Form resistless stream  
 Such Charms as most controul;  
 In thee the fairest Features beam,  
 The noblest, brightest Soul,  
 The noblest, brightest Soul.

Pleas'd in thy Converse all the Day,  
 Life's Sand unheeded runs;  
 With thee I'll hail the rising Ray,  
 And talk down Summer *Suns*.

Our  *Loves Congenial*, still the same,  
 With equal Force shall shine ;  
 No cloy'd Desires can damp the Flame  
 Which Friendship will refine,  
 Which Friendship will refine.

## S O N G CLXIV.

**L** O N G had I borne of  *Love* the Pain,  
 And long in Silence dragg'd his Chain;  
 With Resolution ne'er to tell  
 The  *Love* I bore to *Isabel*,  
 The  *Love* I bore to *Isabel*.

The Fire she kindled in my Breast,  
 Philosophy would have suppress'd ;  
 But in that Breast  *Love* took its Stand,  
 Triumphant with a burning Brand,  
 Triumphant with a burning Brand.

Dear *Isabel*, thou much lov'd Maid,  
 Bring to a bleeding Heart thine Aid ;  
 Thou hast the Fountain, thou the Power,  
 To quench a Flame that would devour,  
 To quench a Flame that would devour.

To ease me of the thrilling Smart,  
 To wrench the Dagger from my Heart,  
 And to apply a Hand divine,  
 O! *Goddeſs* of my Soul is thine,  
 O! *Goddeſs* of my Soul is thine.

## S O N G CLXV.

**'T** I S not the liquid Brightness of those Eyes,  
 That swim with Pleasure and Delight :  
 Nor these fair  *heavenly* Arches which arise,  
 O'er each of them to shade their Light :  
 'Tis not that Hair which plays with ev'ry Wind,  
 And  *Loves* to wanton round thy Face,  
 Now straying o'er thy Forehead, now behind

Retiring

Retiring with insidious Grace,  
Retiring with insidious Grace.

'Tis not that *lovely* Range of Teeth, as white  
As new shorn Sheep, equal and fair;  
Nor ev'n that gentle smile, the Heart's Delight,  
With which no Smile could e'er compare :  
'Tis not that Chin so round, that Neck so fine,  
Those Breasts that swell to meet my *Love* ;  
That easy sloping Waist, that Form divine,  
Nor aught below, nor aught *above*,  
Nor aught below, nor aught *above*.

'Tis not the living Colours over each,  
By Nature's finest Pencil wrought,  
To shame the fresh blown Rose and blooming Peach,  
And mock the happiest *Painter's* Thought ;  
But 'tis that gentle Mind, that ardent *Love*,  
So kindly answering my Desire ;  
Graces with which you look, and speak, and move,  
That thus have set my Soul on Fire,  
That thus have set my Soul on Fire.

## S O N G CLXVI.

W H E N *Chloe* shines serenely gay,  
O ! how *Love's Goddess* she outvies ?  
How on her Lips the Graces play,  
And *Cupid's* wanton in her Eyes ?  
What soft Delight her Smiles impart ?  
What Raptures does young *Damon* feel ?  
When thus she ravishes my Heart,  
With Joys too mighty to reveal,  
With Joys too mighty to reveal.

The Vain, conceited of her Sex,  
Treat with Contempt the *Lover's* Pain ;  
Fondly delight to tease, perplex,  
And triumph o'er a dying *Savain*.

But

G  
Whe  
Why  
Why



But *Chloe* has a *beav'nly* Mind,  
 A Soul that's generous, great, and brave;  
 Who conquers only to be kind,  
 And makes it her Delight to save.

## S O N G CLXVII.

**A**S o'er the flowery Meads I pass,  
 Where Nature spreads the verdant Grass,  
 And Daisies intermingled stray;  
 If *Sylvia* chance to cross the Plain,  
 The fainter *Beauties* rise in vain,  
 His Presence only makes the *May*.

O *Love*! thou bitter Foe to Rest,  
 Who hast, within this harmless Breast,  
 So home the striking Arrow sent,  
 Relieve a poor unwary *Maid*,  
 Who fondly gazing was betray'd,  
 Nor knew what Self delusion meant,

Since Custom, cruel to the *Fair*,  
 Forbids my Passion to declare,  
 Assist, blind *God* of soft Desire;  
 To thy *Omnipotence* I kneel,  
 Let him my secret Anguish feel,  
 And burn for me with equal Fire.

Then, if the *lovely Youth* appear,  
 By Turns inclin'd to Hope and Fear,  
 And tenderly his Passion move;  
 My Heart shall flutter to his Sighs,  
 My Heart shall flutter to his Eyes,  
 And never——never cease to *Love*.

## S O N G CLXVIII.

**G**entle *Youth*, O! tell me why  
 Tears are starting from my Eye;  
 When each Night from you I part?  
 Why the Sigh that rends my Heart?  
 Why the Sigh that rends my Heart?

M

Gentle

Gentle *Youth*, O ! tell me true,  
Is it then the same with you ?

Gentle *Youth*, O ! tell me true,

Is it then the same with you ?

Is it then the same with you ?

Tell me, when the appointed Hour

Calls us to the secret Bower,

*Blushing, trembling*, why I run,

Early as the rising Sun ?

*Early as, &c.*

Gentle *Youth*, O ! tell me true,

Is it then the same with you ?

Gentle *Youth*, &c.

Tell me, when the Pains I feel

*Pungent* as the Wounds of Steel,

When I feel the thrilling Smart,

Why I bless the pointed Dart ?

*Why I bless, &c.*

Gentle *Youth*, O ! tell me true,

If it is the same with you ?

Gentle *Youth*, &c.

# SONG CLXIX.

(To a Lady, who, being asked by her Lover for a Token  
of her Constancy, gave him a Knife.)

**W**Hile all your Thoughts on *Martio* rove,  
And *Sighs* are wasted o'er the Sea ;

This Gift denotes your fading *Love*,

Denotes you lost to me,

Denotes you lost to me.

Once *Damon's* Touch your Senses charm'd,

Your mantling Blood in Torrents flow'd ;

No common Flame our Bosoms warm'd,

With *mutual* Fires we glow'd,

With *mutual* Fires we glow'd.

But

But now your Blood, grown slow and cold,  
 Answers no more my beating Heart;  
 This Gift was needless to unfold  
 Poor *Damon's* Fate; we part.  
 'Tis Death alone can cure Despair;  
 My Eyes no more my Pangs shall feed:  
 Behold the *Knife*!-- Start not, my *Fair*;  
 'Tis only I shall bleed.

## S O N G CLXX.

**A**ND must a faithful am'rous Swain  
 Of fair *Aminta* now complain?  
 Be thus despis'd, and left alone,  
 In Woods to make his piteous Moan?  
 Ah! luckless me, to love a *Maid*,  
 Who never has my *Love* repaid!  
 She sees my *Passion*, but, unkind,  
 Rejects it careless as the *Wind*!  
 My Presents were bestow'd in vain,  
 She heard my *Lays* with proud *Disdain*;  
 And, thoughtless of her *Strepson*, strove  
 To win another *Shepherd's Love*.  
 Ah! trust not to thy *Charms*, fond *Maid*,  
 For *Beauty*, like the *Flower*, will fade!  
 And, when thy *Youth* shall feel *Decay*,  
 His *Passion* then will fade away.

## S O N G CLXXI.

**A**T length too soon, dear Creature,  
 Receive this fond *Adieu*;  
 Thy Pains, O *Love*! how bitter!  
 Thy Joys how short, how few!  
 Thy Joys how short, how few!  
 No more those Eyes, so killing,  
 The melting Glance repeat;  
 Nor Bosom, gently swelling,  
 With *Loves* soft Tumult beat;

Nor Bosom, gently swelling,  
With *Love's* soft Tumult beat.

I go when Glory leads me,  
And points the dangerous Way ;  
Tho' coward *Love* upbraids me,  
Yet Honour bids obey,

*Yet Honour, &c.*

But Honour's boasting Story  
Too plain those Tears reprove,  
And whisper, Fame, Wealth, Glory,  
Ah ! what are they to *Love* ?

*And whisper, &c.*

Two Passions, strongly pleading,  
My doubtful Breast divide ;  
Lo ! there my Country bleeding,  
And here a *weeping Bride*,

*And here, &c.*

But know, thy faithful *Lover*  
Can true to either prove ;  
Fame fires my Veins all over,  
Yet every Pulse beats *Love* ;

*Fame, &c.*

Then think, where'er I wander,  
The Sport of Seas and Wind,  
No distant Hearts can sunder,  
Whom mutual Truth has join'd,

*Whom mutual, &c.*

Kind *Heaven*, the Brave requiting,  
Shall save thy *Savain* restore,  
And Raptures crown the Meeting,  
Which *Love* ne'er felt before ;

*And Raptures, &c.*

SONG



## S O N G CLXXII.

A Maiden's soft Wailings I now shall recite,  
Whom Jealousy robb'd of each rural Delight ;  
Such Strains never came from the Linner's sweet  
Throat,

Nor sings the gay Goldfinch so charming a Note.  
At Dusk of the Evening, poor *Phillis* forlorn,  
With *Love* unreturn'd, and hard Labour now worn,  
First lean'd on her Rake, then with Heart-breaking  
Sighs,

She vented her Grief from her Lips and her Eyes.  
Come Night as dark as Pitch, and encompass my  
Head,

For *Celadon* basely from *Phillis* is fled ;  
The Ribbon, his Cudgel undauntedly won,  
Last Sunday the happier *Dorcas* put on.  
'Tis sure if he'd Eyes (but they say *Love* has none)  
That Ribbon at *Church* might have made me well  
known ;

Alack ! I am \* *shent* with curs'd Jealousy's Smart,  
For with that same Ribbon he gave his false Heart.

My Visage I've often observ'd in yon Lake,  
My Features are not of the homeliest Make :  
Tho' *Dorcas* may boast of a still whiter Dye,  
The glassy black Slow turns in rolling my Eye ;  
The fairest of Blossoms will drop with each Blast,  
But Beauty that's brown, like the Holly, will last ;  
Her Skin much resembles the pale wither'd Leek,  
While fine *Catharine Pears* glow in my ruddy Cheek.

Ah ! did he but know the Attempt I withstood,  
When the spruce pretty 'Squire I met in yon Wood !  
A broad Piece of Gold he then put in my Hand,  
But *Virtue* could him and his Proffer withstand :  
If *Virtue* is nothing, then Life is my Foe,  
The murmuring Stream soon shall rid me of Woe.

\* *Warm'd.*

My Complaints, O ye *Lasses*, with this Burthen aid,  
'Tis hard, that a *Damsel* so true dies a *Maid*.

## S O N G CLXXIII.

**Y**E *Nymphs*, whose softer Souls approve  
The touching Strain of Heart-felt *Love*;  
I'll tell you of the gentlest *Swain*,  
That ever grac'd the rural Plain,  
That ever grac'd the rural Plain.

Who but *Lysander* has the Power  
To brighten ev'ry darksome Hour?  
To call a Smile from dimple Cheek,  
Or make the Blood forsake the Cheek,  
Or make the Blood forsake the Cheek?

None with my *Love* cou'd e'er compare  
For manly *Beauty*, graceful Air;  
For Speech, whose Accents might inspire  
Gay Delight and soft Desire,  
Gay Delight and soft Desire.

This matchless *Youth* I now possess;  
O *Love*! abate thy fond Excess,  
For I am lost to all Relief,  
If Joy can kill as well as Grief,  
If Joy can kill as well as Grief.

## S O N G CLXXIV.

**S**TILL to be neat, still to be dress'd,  
As you were going to a Feast;  
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;  
Ah! Lady, 'tis to be presum'd;  
Tho' Art's hid Causes are not known,  
By Nature all is not your own,  
By Nature all is not your own.

Give me a Look, give me a Face,  
That makes Simplicity a Grace;  
Robes *lovely* flowing, Hair as free;  
Such sweet Neglect more takes with me.

Than all the glaring Modes of Art  
That strike my Eyes, but not my Heart,  
That strike my Eyes, but not my Heart..

## SONG CLXXV.

**T**O fair *Fidele's* grassy Tomb,<sup>1</sup>  
Soft *Maids* and Village Hinds shall bring  
Each op'ning Sweet of earliest Bloom,  
And rife all the breathing Spring.

No wailing *Ghosts* shall dare appear  
To yex with Shrieks this quiet Grove;  
But *Shepherds Lads* assemble here,  
And melting *Wings* own their Love.

No wither'd Witch shall here be seen,  
No Goblins lead their nightly Crew;  
The female Fays shall haunt the Green,  
And dress thy Grave with early Dew.

The Redbreast oft, at Ev'ning Hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little Aid,  
With hoary Moss, and gather'd Flow'rs,  
To deck the Ground where thou art laid.

When howling Winds and beating Rains  
In Tempests shake the *Sylvan Cell*;  
Or mid't the Chace on ev'ry Plain  
The tender Thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely Scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the Tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd, till Life could charm no more,  
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

SONG

## S O N G CLXXVI.

**W**Hile *Phillis* is drinking, *Love* and Wine in Alliance,

With Forces united, and resistless Defiance?

Each Touch of her Lips makes the Wines sparkle higher,

And her Eyes, by her Drinking, redouble their Fire,

And her Eyes, by her Drinking, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks grow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,  
As Flowers with sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;

His Dart dipp'd in Wine, *Love* wounds beyond Curing,

And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more enduring,

And the Liquor like Oil, makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, *Love* is kept from expiring,  
And our Mirth is enliven'd by *Love* and Desiring;

Believing each other, the Pleasure is lasting,

And we never are cloy'd, yet ever are tasting,

And we never are cloy'd, yet ever are tasting.

Then, *Phillis*, begin; let our Raptures abound,

And a *Kiss* and a Glass be still going round;

Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,

From *Love* to the Bottle, from the Bottle to *Love*,

From *Love* to the Bottle, from the Bottle to *Love*.

## S O N G CLXXVII.

The SYRENS Song to ULYSSES.

**H**ither, sweet *Ulysses*, haste,

Manly *Beauty*, come and taste,

What the Powers of Bliss unfold,

Joys too mighty to be told,

Joys too mighty to be told.



Taste what Extasies they give,  
Dying Raptures, taste and live;

Taste what Extasies they give,  
Dying Raptures, taste and live.

Lavish Nature sheds her Store,

Thrilling Joys unfelt before ;

Sweetly languishing Desires,

Fierce Delights, and am'rous Fires,

*Fierce Delights, &c.*

*Sweetest*, dost thou yet delay ?

Manly *Beauty*, come away.

*Sweetest, &c.*

Lift not when the Froward chide,

Sons of Pedantry and Pride ;

Snarlers, to whose feeble Sense

*April Sunshine* is Offence,

*April Sunshine, &c.*

Envious Age alone decries

Pleasures which from *Love* arise.

*Envious Age, &c.*

Come in Pleasures, balmy Bowl,

Stake the Thirsting of thy Soul,

Till thy raptur'd Powers are faint,

Joys too requisite to paint,

*Joys, &c.*

*Sweetest*, dost thou yet delay ?

Manly *Beauty*, come away.

*Sweetest, &c.*

# SONG CLXXVIII.

**A**H, well a-day ! must I endure

This Pain, and who shall work my Cure ?

Fond *Love* will never seek Repose,

No Measure to its Grief it knows ;

The Winds are hush'd, and dewy Sleep

With soft Embrace has seiz'd my Sheep ;

Al wrapt in peaceful Slumber lie,  
But wakeful *Philomel* and I.

Who better seen in *Shepherd's Arts*,  
To win the wanton *Lasses* Hearts?

How, to my oaten Pipe so sweet,  
Wont they to change their nimble Feet?

And many Tales of Mirth had I  
To chace the *Sun* adown the Sky ;

Since *Lucy* wrought her Spights, alone  
To Woods I pour my fruitless Moan.

Oh ! quit thy Scorn, relentless *Fair* !  
E're long I perish thro' Despair ;

Had *Rosalind* possess'd my Mind,  
The *Maiden* wou'd have been more kind.

O think ! for *Beauty* will not stay,  
And Flowers ungather'd will decay :

The Flowers returning Seasons bring,  
But *Beauty* has no second Spring.

Oh ! would my Gift but win her *Heart* !  
Could I but half I feel impart !

For Plums I'd climb the knotty Tree,  
Of Honey rob the thrifty Bee.

*Fair* is my Flock, nor comeless I,  
If Fountains flatter not ; and why

Should Fountains flatter us, yet show  
The Flowers less *beauteous* than they grow ?

Oh, come, my *Love* ! nor think it mean  
The Dams to milk, the Lambkins wean ;

How wou'd the Crook beseem thy Hand !  
How wou'd my Younglings round thee stand !

Ah, Younglings ! gaze not on her Eye,  
Such Glances are the Cause I die ;

Sleep, sleep, my Flock ; for you may take  
Your Rest, tho' thus your Master wake.

## S O N G CLXXIX.

**B**Y the Side of a Grove, at the Foot of a Hill,  
Where whisper'd the Beach, and where mur-  
mur'd the Rill ;

I vow'd to the *Muses* my Time and my Care,  
Since neither could win me the Smiles of the *Fair*,  
Since neither could win me the Smiles of the *Fair*.

Free I rang'd like the Birds, like the Birds free I  
sung,

And *Daphne's* dear Name ne'er escap'd from my  
Tongue ;

Whene'er a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,  
I wish'd unawares, that my *Daphne* might hear,  
I wish'd, &c.

With fairest Ideas my Bosom I stor'd,  
Allusions to none but the *Nymph* I ador'd ;  
And the more I with Study my Fancy refin'd,  
The deeper Impression she made on my Mind,  
The deeper, &c.

So long as of Nature the Charms I pursue,  
I still must my *Daphne's* dear Image renew ;  
The Graces have yielded with *Daphne* to rove,  
And the *Muses* are all in Alliance with Love,  
And the *Muses*, &c.

## S O N G CLXXX.

**W**Hen fond you *Damon's* Charms recite,  
And in that pleasing Name delight,  
And in that pleasing Name delight ;  
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heat,  
With silent strong Resentment beats ;  
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,  
And all the *Man* within me dies,  
And all the *Man* within me dies.

By Turns my hidden Grief appears,  
In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,

*In rising, &c.*

That shew too well the warm Desires,  
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,  
Which on my inmost Vitals prey,  
And melt my very Soul away,  
And melt my very Soul away.

# SONG CLXXXI.

*On Chloe sleeping.*

**O**NE of her Hands, one rosy Cheek lay  
under,

Coz'ning the Pillow of a lawful *Kiss*,  
Which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part asunder,  
As angry to be robb'd of such a Bliss;  
The one look'd pale, and for Revenge did long,  
While t'other blush'd, 'cause it had done the Wrong.

Out of the Bed the other fair Hand was,

On a green Sattin Quilt, whose perfect White  
Look'd like a Daisy in a Field of Grass,

And appear'd like unmelt Snow unto the Sight;  
So lay this pretty *Fair-one*, safe to keep  
Her *lovely* Form, that there lay fast asleep.

# SONG CLXXXII.

**H**Onest *Lover* whatsoever,  
If, in all thy *Love*, there ever  
Was a Thought, to make thy Flame  
Not still, even still, the same;

Know this, thou *lov'st* amiss,

Know this, thou *lov'st* amiss,

And, to *Love* true,

Thou must again begin, and *love* anew.

When she first appears i'th' Room,  
If thou art not quite struck dumb;

And



And repeatest not twice o'er  
Words, thou utter'st just before ;  
Know this, &c.

If thy Fondness don't mistake,  
And Defects for Graces take ;  
If thou think'st not Jest is made,  
When she worse than nothing said ;  
Know this, &c.

If with her you chance to eat,  
And cut not Fingers 'stead of Meat ;  
Or, with gazing on her Face,  
Rise not hungry from the Place ;  
Know this, &c.

If by this thou dost discover,  
That thou art no perfect Lover,  
And, desiring to *love* true,  
Dost begin to *love* anew ;  
Know this, &c.

# S O N G CLXXXIII.

*(On a young Lady, who was so closely watched by an Aunt, her Guardian, that her Lover could never get an Opportunity to address her.)*

**G**A Y *Florimel*, of noble Birth,  
The most engaging Thing on Earth  
To please a blith Gallant,  
To please a blith Gallant ;  
Has much of Wit, and much of Worth,  
And much of Tongue to set it forth,  
But then she has an *Aunt*,  
But then she has an *Aunt*.

How oft, alas ! in vain I've try'd  
To tempt her from her *Guardian's* Side,  
And trap her on *Love's* Hook,  
And trap her, &c.

N

She's

And

She's like a little wanton Lamb,  
That frisks about the careful Dam ;  
But shuns the *Shepherd's* Crook,  
But shuns, &c.

Like wretched *Dives*, I am plac'd  
To see the Joys I ne'er must taste,  
Of all my Hopes *bereav'n*,  
Of all, &c.

Her *Aunt's* the dreadful Gulph betwixt,  
By all the Pow'rs of Malice fix'd  
To cheat me of my *Heav'n*,  
To cheat me of my *Heav'n*.

## S O N G CLXXXIV.

**W** H Y so pale and wan, fond *Lover* ?  
Prithee, prithee, why so pale ?  
If thy Looking well can't move her,  
Will thy Looking ill prevail ?  
Prithee, prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young *Sinner* ?  
Why so dull, so dull and mute ?  
If thy Speaking well can't move her,  
Will thy Saying nothing do't ?  
Why so dull, so dull and mute ?

Quit for Shame, this will not gain her,  
This will never, never do ;  
If thy Whining can't attain her ;  
Then no more, no more pursue,  
Fly from her, as she flies you.

## S O N G CLXXXV.

*Damon.* **T** O *Chloe's* Wit, and Bloom, and *Youth*,  
I vow'd and swore eternal Truth ;  
In flowing Meads to toy and sport,  
I thought the *Summer's* Day too short,  
I thought the *Summer's* Day too short ;

But

Both

But, since the *Nymph* resign'd her Charms,  
 Her *Beauties* wither in my Arms,  
 And *Chloe*, gentle, kind and fair,  
 Is just as other *Women* are,  
 Is just as other *Women* are.

*Chloe*. When *Damon* gentle was and true,  
 I vow'd, as other *Maidens* do;  
 While humble at my Feet he lay,  
 Too swiftly pass'd the Summer's Day,  
 Too swiftly, &c.

But, since I fondly said I will,  
 My fickle *Swain* has lov'd his Fill,  
 And *Damon*, once my Pride and Care,  
 Is just as other *Shepherds* are,  
 Is just, &c.

*Damon*. Upon the Music of her Tongue,  
 All Day with sweet Delight I hung;  
 Again I cry'd, again that Strain,  
 And kiss'd her Lips, and kiss'd again,  
 And kiss'd, &c.

But now her Voice so harsh is grown,  
 The Raven croaks a sweeter Tone;  
 I stop my Ears, and join the Throng  
 Where *Phyllis* sings a sweeter Song,  
 Where *Phyllis*, &c.

*Chloe*. When *Damon* met me on the Plain,  
 I wish'd, and gaz'd, and wish'd again;  
 Each Moment seem'd a tedious Day,  
 If gentle *Damon* was away,  
 If gentle, &c.

But, wiser now, no more I burn,  
 Or languish for my *Swain's* Return,  
 But hasten to the conscious Vale,  
 Where *Thirsis* tells a sweeter Tale,  
 Where *Thirsis* tells a sweeter Tale.

*Both*. No longer then let each upbraid  
 The roving Youth, or faithless Maid;

The *Swain* that wanders like the *Bee*,  
 Should find the *Nymph* as false as he ;  
 The Flame neglected faintly burns ;  
 The fickle *God* demands Returns ;  
 'Tis mutual *Love* that warms Desire,  
 And fans and feeds the constant Fire.

## S O N G CLXXXVI.

*The five following by a Gentleman, Author of several  
 well received Pieces, particularly a satyrical Poem on  
 the Hyperbole ; Florella's Birth Day, a Cántata.*

**A** Rise, ye *Sylvan Swains*, arise !  
 The Morn with Blushes streaks the Skies,  
 And *Sol*, with mild auspicious Beams,  
 Reflecting gilds the purling Streams :  
 The Birds aloft in wanton Notes,  
 Harmonious, strain their little Throats ;  
 The Meads their flow'ry Sweets display,  
 And Nature hails the blithsome Day.

## R E C I T A T I V O.

The *Shepherds* with their fleecy Care  
 Upon the fertile Plains appear,  
 And thus proclaim, in Songs of Mirth,  
 The Day that gave *Florella* Birth.

## S O N G,

Welcome, ev'ry *Nymph* and *Swain*,  
 Welcome to this happy Plain ;  
 Every *Nymph* shall kinder prove,  
 And every *Swain* shall sing of *Love*,  
*And every, &c.*

Welcome, *beauteous Queen* of *May*,  
 Author of our Sports and Play.

Let *Love* each gentle Heart inspire,  
 Warm every Breast with fond Desire ;  
 Let's drive away insipid Care,  
 And sing the Praise of ev'ry Fair,

*And sing, &c.*  
 While



While Mirth and Joy inspires the Lay,  
And *Beauty* crowns the happy Day.

## S O N G CLXXXVII.

D A M O N. *A Cantata.*

## R E C I T A T I V O.

**B**eneath some spreading Beech, I'll lull my Cares,  
Sigh to the Wind, and wet the Earth with  
Tears ;

No more my Pipe shall rend the verdant Plains,  
Nor lofty Hills resound the mirthful Strains ;  
Stretch'd on the dewy Earth secure I'll lay,  
And mourn with *Philomela* on the Spray.

## S O N G.

Why did I gaze with tender Joy  
Upon the lovely *Maid*,  
Where rising Sweets the Eyes decoy,  
And sacred Peace invade ?  
Unhappy *Savain*, unhappy me,  
Since *Delia's* false, ah ! cruel she,  
*Since Delia's false, &c.*

## R E C I T A T I V O.

Hide me for ever from her Face, ye Groves,  
Where tuneful Songsters tell their little *Loves*.

## A I R.

But, oh ! what Glee would fill my Heart,  
If *Delia* once was true ;  
What Scene could e'er such Bliss impart  
Of *Beauties* ever new ?

Graceful Air,  
Sweet as *fair*,  
Blith as *Moy*,  
Bright as Day,

*Bright as, &c.*

Try the lovely Nymph to move,  
 Cupid, gentle God of Love,  
 Cupid, gentle God, &c.

## S O N G CLXXXVIII.

**T**Hrough the cool enamell'd Grove,  
*Strephon* walk'd in pensive State;  
 Soft around he chang'd to move,  
 Spy'd a Turtle and his Mate  
 Gently billing in their Nests,  
 Cooing harmless Tales of Love;  
 He the snowy Fair caress'd,  
 Fix'd to him she scorn'd to rove.  
 While the *Swain* with Rapture gaz'd!  
 On the faithful happy Pair,  
 (Tho' a different Scene) it rais'd  
 Some Reflections on his Fair:  
 Ah! how constant (says the *Swain*)  
 Is the snowy feather'd Throng?  
 I, alas! do love in vain,  
 In vain I tune my am'rous Song!  
 Did *Florella* but approve  
 Me to fill her snowy Arms;  
*Strephon's* Gift should be his Love,  
 Her's would be her blooming Charms;  
 But, alas! she flights her *Swain*,  
 And his Passion still denies;  
 Come, *Florella*, ease my Pain,  
 Or th' enamour'd *Strephon* dies.

## S O N G CLXXXIX.

**I** Prithee, send me back my Heart,  
 The glowing Heart you've won;  
 But if from that you will not part,  
 Then lend to me your own.

O joy-

O joyous Change of solid Bliss,  
 Exempt from future Care ;  
 When *Lovers*, by a balmy *Kiss*,  
 Their mutual Transports share.

Then, *Delia*, hear each tender Sigh,  
 And tune my anxious Mind ;  
 All other Pains I will defy,  
 When thou, my *Fair*, art kind.  
 In thee each pleasing Scene I'll trace,  
 Where *Love* secure resides ;  
 Where every Air, and every Grace,  
 With *Virtue* gently glides.

## S O N G C X C.

*An Invitation to Hornsea.*

W H E N Spring bedecks the rising Year,  
 And Flowers adorn the verdant Plains,  
 Tempts to the View each charming *Fair*,  
 And Pleasure yields the blithsome *Swains* ;  
 Let me enjoy my harmless With,  
 Where Swallows wing the dewy Glades ;  
 Where purling Streams afford each Bliss,  
 And *Hornsea* spreads her rural Shades.  
 Where from her lofty Summits view  
 The neighb'ring Pastures all around ;  
 Each Hill adorn'd with azure Hue,  
 Each Hedge with Twigs of Ozier bound ;  
 Where *Highbate's* Charms attract the Eye,  
 And Flocks are bleating from afar ;  
 Where warbling Birds resound the Sky,  
 And vernal Sweets perfume the Air.  
 Where *Phæbus*, from his sultry Throne,  
 Smiles on each Prospect here below ;  
 And gratefully his Pleasures own,  
 Where Cowslips on the Meadows grow :

Charm'd,

Charm'd, he beholds the pleasing Sight,  
 And on each Village darts his Rays;  
 The Birds, replete with sweet Delight,  
 In rural Songs attempt his Praise.  
 In Cottage blest'd, with warbling Flute;  
 In am'rous Strains I'd spend the Day;  
 Gently, *Florella*, touch the Lute,  
 And join with Songsters on each Spray;  
 What solid Joys from hence arise,  
 Secure from all domestic Harms;  
 Each Prospect yields a fresh Surprise,  
 But none outvies *Florella's* Charms.

## S O N G CXCI.

YOUNG *Delia* does her Flame repeat,  
 She sought my Love with Kisses sweet;  
 In Passion me she has outdone,  
 And now shall have the Heart she won.  
 And, since thou pitiest not thy *Savain*,  
 I'll seek my *Delia* on the Plain,  
 I'll seek my *Delia* on the Plain,  
 Rejoic'd another Maid to find,  
 If not so fair, yet sure more kind,  
 If not so fair, yet sure more kind.

## S O N G CXCH.

O H! had I *Juba's* Lyre,  
 Or *Miriam's* tuneful Voice;  
 To Sounds like his I would aspire,  
 In Songs like her's rejoice.  
 My humble Strains but faintly show,  
 How much to Heav'n and thee I owe.



## S O N G CXIII.

**H**Ark, hark ! the Linnet and the Thrush,  
 In dulcet Notes,  
 They pour their Throats,  
 And wake the Morn on every Bush.  
 From Morn to Eve they chaunt their Love,  
 And fill with Melody the Grove.

## S O N G CXIV.

**H**eroes, when with Glory burning,  
 All their Toil with Pleasure bear ;  
 And believe, to Love returning  
 Lawrel Wreaths beneath their Care ;  
 War to hardy Deeds invites,  
 Love the Danger well requites.

## S O N G CXCV.

## A C A N T A T A.

**B**Left in *Maria's* Friendship, a fond Youth  
 Plan'd Scenes of Pleasures, in *Platonic*  
 Truth ;  
 While present, ev'ry Scene of Nature smil'd,  
 But now her Absence forms a barren Wild ;  
 Pensive he wanders thro' the shady Grove,  
 And feels what he call'd Friendship to be Love.  
 Cease, throbbing Heart, in Justice cease,  
 Restrain those deep felt Sighs ;  
 Could'st thou expect to keep thy Peace,  
 Yet see *Maria's* Eyes ?  
 Could'st thou expect to keep thy Peace,  
 Yet see *Maria's* Eyes ?  
 As well with Lightning thou might'st play,  
 Or look against the Blaze of Day.

He paus'd—and, trembling, breath'd the Fair-one's  
Name,

But now his Wishes fan the rising Flame;  
Above the Friend, the Lover stands confess'd,  
While his fond Heart thus wishes to be blest'd:

' *Maria* come, with all thy heav'nly Charms,  
' Wrap me in speechless Transports in thy Arms;

' No more shall Friendship's stinted Joy

' The Place of mighty Love supply;

' Let us, *Maria*, light up fierce Desire,

' And both, like Simile, at once expire.

' *Maria* come, with all thy heav'nly Charms,

' Wrap me in speechless Transports in thy Arms.

*Theron*, who heard unseen the amorous Swain,

Resolv'd to cure, for he had felt the Pain,

And thus advis'd, his Freedom to regain:

Go to her and woo her,

Still try her and ply her,

When the Iron is hot, you must strike;

The Sex are best pleas'd,

Best pleas'd when they're teaz'd,

When they're teaz'd by a Man that they like.

When a Woman says No,

Redouble your Blow,

She'll bear 'em as off as you strike,

The Sex are best pleas'd,

Best pleas'd when they're teaz'd,

When they're teaz'd by a Man that they like.

# SONG CXCVI.

**L**ET us fill, and let us drink,

Wine will drive all Care away;

If your Business bids you think,

Postpone it to another Day.

Why

Why should a Man become a Slave  
 To Wealth, to Business, or a Wife?  
 The merry Glass is all we have  
 To sooth the vexing Plagues of Life.

## S O N G CXC VII.

**A** Woman's a talkative Creature,  
 Her Tongue is perpetually moving;  
 When vex'd, she's all over Ill-nature,  
 When pleas'd, she's too fond and too loving.  
 A flattering Fool may decoy her,  
 She's easily tempted to Evil;  
 Tho' an Angel before we enjoy her,  
 She often proves after a Devil.

## S O N G CXC VIII.

**S**HE that has sinn'd, would fain be thought  
 Divinely good and chaste;  
 All Women's Failings, till they're caught,  
 Lie hid between the Waist.  
 The Harlot rails against her Trade  
 To those that do not know her,  
 Altho' she has been in private made  
 A thousand Times a Whore.  
 You say you're just; you may be so,  
 Your Word is all I've for it;  
 But, whether you are chaste or no,  
 My Comfort is my Claret.  
 I value not the Nuptial Teaze  
 Of Tale or Tittle-Tattle;  
 No Woman shall disturb my Ease,  
 My Mistress is the Bottle.

## SONG CXCIX.

**C**Harming is your Shape and Air,  
 And your Shape as Morning fair  
 Coral Lip and Neck of Snow,  
 Cheeks, where op'ning Roses blow :  
 When you speak, or smile, or move,  
 All is Rapture, all is Love.

But those Eyes, alas ! I hate,  
 Eyes, that, heedless of my Fate,  
 Shine with undiscerning Rays ;  
 On the Fopling idly gaze,  
 Watch the Glances of the Vain,  
 Meeting mine with cold Disdain.

## SONG CC.

*To Celia, on reading her Name in a Lampoon.*

**T**HE Village Lurcher idle strays,  
 At *Cynthia* barking all the Night ;  
 While *Cynthia* sheds her silver Rays,  
 And brightens at his harmless Spite.

Like the fair Regent of the Skies,  
 The fairest *Nymph* of all the Plain  
 The Rage of Satire may despise,  
 And sweetly smile with calm Disdain.

My *Idol*, all the *Graces* arm ;  
 Gaily avenge the dull Offence ;  
 Shine out in a resistless Charm,  
 And look the Scribler into Sense.

## SONG CCL

**H**OW smoothly the Minutes, dear *Celadon*, flow,  
 When, calm and serene, no Passion we know !  
 The Morning, the Evening, its Pleasure does bring,  
 If we read, or we talk, or we pipe, or we sing.



But when the Boy *Cupid* once twangeth his Bow,  
 And pierceth our Hearts with his Arrows of Woe;  
 We lose all Delight, and we forfeit all Ease,  
 Nor Reading, nor Talking, nor Music can please.

My Leisure in fanciful Musings I spent,  
 And look'd without Pain on the Lassies of Kent;  
 No Virgin with Feature, with Voice, or with Air,  
 No Virgin was able my Heart to ensnare.  
 Ah! why did I foolish abandon those Plains  
 To join in the Revels of — Swains!  
 Where heedless, young *Chloe*, unpractis'd in Arts,  
 Entices to Love the most indolent Hearts.

My Books were my Charmers, my Thoughts my  
 Delight,

In the Cool of the Morn, in the Stillness of Night;  
 My Books and my Thoughts each other reliev'd;  
 And the Minutes soft gliding were sweetly deceiv'd,  
 No Passion disturb'd me, my Joys were my own,  
 But now I'm so alter'd, as never was known;  
 My Heart from its Owner is quite gone astray,  
 And *Chloe* torments it by Night and by Day.

My Friend still was welcome, whenever he came,  
 My Friend saw my Countenance always the same;  
 O'er a Pot of Bohea, we grew merry and wise,  
 And laugh'd at the Torments fond Lovers devise;  
 But, wounded by *Chloe*, I live in the Spleen,  
 My Friend, with Surprise, sees a Change in my Mein;  
 I bid him be gone, for his Wit and his Jest  
 But make him the more insupportable Guest.

How once ev'ry Object a Pleasure did yield!  
 If I walk'd in the Garden, or travers'd the Field,  
 On beautiful Landscips I feasted my Sight;  
 When the Nightingale sung, I could listen all Night;  
 But now, as I rove through the Valley or Glade,  
 The beautiful Landscips before my Eye fade;  
 In the Nightingale's Note, no Music I find,  
 For nothing but *Chloe* still runs in my Mind.

If my Spirits, in Solitude, wanted Relief,  
With my Flute, by a Brook, I could solace my  
Grief ;

Or sleep to the lullaby Noise of the Stream,  
And wake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.  
But now all Endeavours in vain I apply,  
Since for *Chloe* I languish, for *Chloe* I die ;  
To no Purpose I try on my Flute every Strain,  
And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in  
vain.

Beware, silly Shepherds, how Love you defy,  
Beware of the desperate Glance of her Eye ;  
In Freedom I triumph'd, and flouted the Swains,  
Who sold themselves Captive, and forg'd their own  
Chains ;

But since I beheld her, alas ! I'm undone,  
Since first I saw *Chloe*, my Freedom is gone ;  
I have forg'd my own Chains, and I constantly cry,  
Was ever poor Shepherd so wretched as I !

How, *Celadon*, how shall I my Passion reveal ?  
Or, must I for ever my Torment conceal ?  
The Woe she creates has she Pity to hear ?  
Ah, no ! she is cruel, as charming, I fear.  
Assist me, by Reason, to ransom my Heart,  
Or teach me to gain her ; oh, teach me the Art !  
Ye merciful Powers, to you I complain ;  
Give Love to the Nymph, or give Ease to the  
Swain.

## S O N G C C II.

**W**AS *Nancy* but a rural Maid,  
And I her only Swain,  
To tend our Flocks on verdant Mead,  
And on the verdant Plain ;

Oh

Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my Reed,  
 To please the lovely Maid !  
 While from all Sense of Care w'are freed  
 Beneath an oaken Shade,

*Beneath, &c.*

When Lambkins under Hedges bleat,  
 And Rain seems in the Sky ;  
 Then to our oaken safe Retreat  
 We'd both together hie ;  
 There I'd repeat my Vows of Love  
 Unto the charming Fair ;  
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring Heart should prove  
 Her Love, like mine, sincere,

*Her Love, &c.*

When *Phœbus* bright sinks in the West,  
 And Flocks are pent in Fold ;  
 Beneath our oaken Tree we'd rest,  
 In Joys not to be told ;  
 Then when *Aurora's* Beams set free  
 The next enliv'ning Day ;  
 We'd turn our Flocks at Liberty,  
 Then down we'd sit and play,

*Then down, &c.*

Let others fancy courtly Joys,  
 I'd live in rural Ease ;  
 Their Grandeur, and their Pride and Noise,  
 Cou'd ne'er my Fancy please.  
 In *Nancy* ev'ry Joy combines,  
 With Grace and blooming Youth ;  
 In her with lucid Brightness shine  
 Love, Constancy, and Truth,

*Love, Constancy, &c.*

## S O N G CCIII.

**T**H E best a Scold can do,  
 Shall never much delight me ;  
 The Threats of such a Shrew  
 Shall never vex or fright me ;  
 Her fickle wav'ring Smiles  
 Shall ne'er have Pow'r to please me ;  
 The worst of all her Ills  
 Shall ne'er provoke or tease me.  
 Her Tongue, though as loud  
 As the Shouts of a Croud ;  
 Her Tail, tho' as free  
 As a Woman's can be ;  
 I no more would regard her, abroad or at home,  
 Than a treacherous Jilt, or a noisy Drum ;  
 But, when sober and sad, to my Bottle would fly,  
 And her female Revenge both despise and defy.

## S O N G CCIV.

**T**H E Bird that hears her Nestlings cry,  
 And flies abroad for Food,  
 Returns, impatient, through the Sky,  
 To nurse the callow Brood.  
 The tender Mother knows no Joy,  
 But bodes a thousand Harms ;  
 And fickers for the darling Boy,  
 While absent from her Arms.  
 Such Fondness, with Impatience join'd,  
 My faithful Bosom fires,  
 Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind,  
 The Queen of my Desires !  
 The Pow'rs of Verse too languid prove,  
 All Similies are vain ;  
 To shew how ardently I love,  
 Or to relieve my Pain.



The Saint, with fervent Zeal inspir'd  
 For Heav'n and Joys divine;  
 The Saint is not with Raptures fir'd  
 More pure, nor warm than mine.  
 I take what Liberty I dare,  
 'Twere impious to say more;  
 Convey my Longings to the Fair,  
 The Goddess I adore.

## S O N G C C V .

**A** Courting I went to my Love,  
 Who is sweeter than Roses in *May*;  
 And when I came to her, by *Jove*,  
 The Devil a Word could I say.  
 I walk'd with her into the Garden,  
 There fully intending to woo her;  
 But, may I be ne'er worth a Farthing,  
 If of Love I said any thing to her.  
 I clasp'd her Hand close to my Breast,  
 While my Heart was as light as a Feather;  
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,  
 But, — Madam, 'tis very fine Weather.  
 To an Arbour I did her attend,  
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her;  
 I crept to the furthestmost End,  
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.  
 I ask'd her which Way was the Wind,  
 For I thought in some Talk we must enter;  
 Why, Sir! she answer'd, and grinn'd,  
 Have you just sent your Wits for a Venture?  
 Then into the Parlour we went,  
 There I vow'd I my Passion would try;  
 But there I was still as a Mouse,  
 Oh! what a dull Booby was I?

## S O N G CCVI.

**W**HEN first I saw *Camilla* fair,  
 I felt an inward Smart ;  
 None could with her bright Charms compare,  
 'Twas she that won my Heart.

In vain I strove to gain her Love,  
 In vain I sigh'd for Aid ;  
 In vain I try'd her Heart to move,  
 In vain to *Cupid* pray'd.

Till, being tir'd with Tears and Vows,  
 I unto *Bacchus* flew ;  
 He, for a Time, my Pangs removes,  
 But soon I bleed anew.

Till *Cupid* for me did relent,  
 And grieved at my Pain,  
 A whirling Dart at her he sent,  
 Resistance was in vain.

It pierced fair *Camilla's* Breast,  
 And warm'd her Soul to Love ;  
 Since when, with Sighs and Wishes press'd,  
 She does my Flame approve.

## S O N G CCVII.

**W**HEN charming *Myra* first I saw,  
 Her beauteous Form did strike an Awe,  
 Upon my wand'ring Eyes ;  
 But while I gaz'd upon her Face,  
 Admiring ev'ry Charm and Grace,  
 She did my Heart surprize.

Soon as I felt the pleasing Smart,  
 First Day, then Grief, within my Heart,  
 Alternate took their Course ;  
 At last I thought the wisest Way  
 Was first my Talents to display,  
 Her Friendship to enforce.

Her

Her Friendship gain'd, I next aspir'd,  
 To what my longing Heart desir'd,  
     And crown my ardent *Love* ?  
 The charming, lovely, tender Maid,  
 To own it mutual was afraid,  
     But did not disapprove.

Tho' *envious* Tongues with Art have strove  
 To wrong me in my *Myra's Love*,  
     Their Efforts prov'd in vain ;  
 For with her Contempt her prudent Eye  
 Did their malicious Reasons spy,  
     And mine does still remain.

## S O N G   CCVIII.

**A**RISE, and hail the sacred Day,  
 Cast all low Cares of Life away,  
     And Thought of meaner Things ;  
 This Day, to cure thy deadly Woes,  
 The Sun of Righteousness arose,  
     With Healing in his Wings.

If *Angels*, on that happy Morn  
 The Saviour of the World was born,  
     Pour'd forth seraphic Songs ;  
 Much more shou'd we, of human Race,  
 Adore the Wonders of his Grace,  
     To whom the Grace belongs.

How wonderful ! how vast his Love !  
 Who left the shining Realms above,  
     Those happy Seats of Rest !  
 How much for lost Mankind he bore,  
 Their Peace and Pardon to restore,  
     Can never be express'd.

While we adore his boundless Grace,  
 And pious Mirth and Joy takes Place  
     Of Sorrow, Grief, and Pain ;

- Give

Give Glory to our God on high,  
And not, amongst the general Joy,  
Forget Good-will to Men.

O! then let Heaven and Earth rejoice,  
Creation's whole united Voice,  
And hymn the happy Day,  
When *Sin* and *Satan* vanquish'd fell,  
And all the Pow'rs of Death and Hell,  
Before his Sov'reign Sway.

## S O N G CCIX.

**Y**oung *Damon* sighs, and pines away,  
In Secret makes his Moan ;  
Of *Marcia* thinks the life-long Day,  
Of *Marcia* thinks alone.

Too long the Youth had arm'd his Breast,  
Securely rang'd the Plain ;  
He swore, ' A killing Eye's a Jest,  
' And *Love* can give no Pain.'

But now, alas ! his Notes are chang'd,  
Too late his Error spies ;  
And he who once a Rover rang'd,  
A Slave to *Marcia* dies.

Unless, in Pity to his Pain,  
She speaks, and bids him live ;  
An Angel's Voice may save the Swain,  
And *Damon's* Fate relieve.

## S O N G CCX.

**F**ear not a gentle Nymph, who fues  
Not *Love*, but Amity ;  
Nor dread the Flame that, while it woos,  
Conjures thee to deny.  
The gen'rous Mind disdains to own  
A Passion that destroys :  
Laments, nor seeks the transient Boon  
That in Possession dies.

Thee



Thee not the chang'ling Fancy's Sport  
 Arms with a feeble Dart ;  
 But awful Reason bids me court  
 Thy Friendship, with thy Heart.  
 Reason shall guide my Hopes of Joy,  
 All my Resolves enforce ;  
 Nor let a lawless Flame destroy  
 That *Virtue* it adores.  
 I court alone the chaste Reward,  
 Her rigid Laws approve ;  
 Thy Honour is not more thy Guard  
 Than my untainted *Love* ;  
 The Fool the Cause of Vice can plead,  
 Th' Abandon'd may comply ;  
 But be it ours, O virtuous Maid !  
 To triumph and deny.

## S O N G C C X I.

**B**Eauty and Wit, illustrious Maid,  
 Bright as to you belong ;  
 Charm all Mankind without the Aid  
 Of soft melodious Song.  
 Why will you add, enchanting Fair,  
 The Magic of your Voice ;  
 By which in us you cause Despair,  
 Yet make our Fate our Choice.  
 In vain to tempt *Laertes'* Heir  
 Their Songs the *Syrens* try'd ;  
 But, could their Notes with thine compare,  
 He must have heard and dy'd.  
 Sing on, bright Maid, repeat each Strain,  
 Tho' in each Strain's a Dart ;  
 We die by Pleasure, not by Pain,  
 While thus you pierce the Heart.

## S O N G CCXII.

**W**HEN bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain,  
 How chearful then were seen  
 The Looks of every jolly Swain,  
 Who aim'd *Aurelia's* Heart to gain  
 With Gambols on the Green ?

Their Sports were innocent and gay,  
 Mixt with a manly Air ;  
 They ran, they danc'd, they sing and play,  
 All strove to please, their diff'rent Way,  
 This charming lovely Fair.

Th'ambitious Strife she'd still admire,  
 And equally approve ;  
 Till *Phaon's* tuneful Voice and Lyre  
 With softest Music did inspire  
 Her Soul to gen'rous Love.

Their wonted Sports the rest decline,  
 Their Arts are all in vain ;  
 The Nymph is constant as divine,  
 The more they envy and repine,  
 The more she loves her Swain.

## S O N G CCXIII.

**C**Harming *Chloe*, look with Pity  
 On your faithful love-sick Swain ;  
 Hear, oh ! hear his doleful Ditty,  
 And relieve his mighty Pain.  
 Find you Music in his Sighing ?  
 Can you see him in Distress,  
 Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,  
 Yet afford no kind Redress ?

*Strepson*, woo'd by lawless Passion,  
 For no Favours rudely sues ;  
 All his Flame is out of Fashion,  
 Ancient Honour for him woos.

*Love* for *Love*'s the Swain's Ambition ;

But, if that is deem'd too great ;

Pity, pity, his Condition,

Say at least you do not hate.

Should you, fonder of a Rover,

Practis'd in the Art of Guile,

Slight so true and kind a Lover,

*Chloe*, might not *Strepson* smile !

Yes ; well pleas'd at thy Undoing,

Vulgar Lovers might upbraid ;

*Strepson*, conscious of thy Ruin,

Soon wou'd be a silent Shade.

# S O N G CCXIV.

**W**HEN *Sappho* struck the quiv'ring Wire,  
The throbbing Breast was all on Fire ;

And, when she rais'd the vocal Lay,

The captive Soul was charm'd away.

But had the Nymph, possess'd of these,

Thy softer, chaster Pow'r to please ;

Thy beauteous Air of sprightly Youth,

Thy native Smiles of artless Truth ;

The Worm of Grief had never prey'd

On the forsaken, love-sick Maid ;

Nor had she mourn'd an hapless Flame,

Nor dash'd on Rocks her tender Frame.

# S O N G CCXV.

**T**H Y fatal Shafts unerring move,

I bow before thine Altar, *Love* !

I feel thy soft, resistless Flame

Glide swift through all my vital Frame !

For, while I gaze, my Bosom glows,

My Blood in Tides impetuous flows ;

Hope, Fear, and Joy alternate roll,

And Floods of Transports 'whelm my Soul !

My

My fault'ring Tongue attempts in vain  
 In soothing Murmurs to complain;  
 My Tongue some secret Magic ties,  
 My Murmurs sink in broken Sighs!  
 Condemn'd to nurse eternal Care,  
 And ever drop the silent Tear,  
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
 Unfriend'd live, unpitied die.

## S O N G CCXVI.

**W**Here now are all my flatt'ring Dreams of  
 Joy!

*Monimia*, give my Soul her wonted Rest; —  
 Since first thy Beauty fix'd my roving Eye,  
 Heart-gnawing Cares corrode my pensive Breast!

Let happy *Lovers* fly where Pleasures call,  
 With festive Songs beguile the fleeting Hour;  
 Lead Beauty thro' the Mazes of the Ball,  
 Or press her wanton in *Love's* roseate Bower,  
 For me, no more I'll range th'empurpled Mead,  
 Where Shepherds pipe, and Virgins dance around;  
 Nor wander thro' the Woodbine's fragrant Shade,  
 To hear the Music of the Grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely Church, or dreary Hall,  
 Where Fancy paints the glimm'ring Taper blue;  
 Where Damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd Wall,  
 And sheeted Ghosts drink up the midnight Dew:

There leagu'd with hopeless Anguish and Despair,  
 A While in Silence o'er my Fate repine;  
 Then, with a long Farewell to Love and Care,  
 To Kindred Dust my weary Limbs consign.

Wilt thou, *Monimia*, shed a gracious Tear  
 On the cold Grave, where all my Sorrows rest?  
 Wilt thou strew Flow'rs, applaud my *Love* sincere,  
 And bid the Turf lie light upon my Breast!

S O N G



## S O N G CCXVIII.

**I** Envy not the Proud their Wealth;  
 Their Equipage and State;  
 Give me but Innocence and Health,  
 I ask not to be great.

**I**, in a sweet Retirement, find  
 A Joy-unknown to Kings;  
 For Sceptres to a virtuous Mind  
 Seem vain and empty Things.

Great *Cincinnatus*, at his Plough,  
 With brighter Lustre shone,  
 Than guilty *Cæsar* e'er could shew,  
 Tho' seated on a Throne.

Tumultuous Days, and restless Nights,  
 Ambition ever knows;  
 A Stranger to the calm Delights  
 Of Study and Repose.

Then free from Envy, Care, and Strife,  
 Keep me, ye Pow'rs divine;  
 And pleas'd, when ye demand my Life,  
 May I that Life resign.

## S O N G CCXIX.

**S**trephon, your Breach of Faith and Trust  
 Affords me no Surprise;  
 A Man, who grateful was or just,  
 Might make my Wonder rise.

That Heart to you, so fondly ty'd,  
 With Pleasure wore its Chain;  
 But, from your cold, neglectful Pride,  
 Found Liberty again.

For this no Wrath inflames my Mind,  
 My Thanks are due to thee;  
 Such Thanks as generous Victors find  
 Who set their Captives free.

## S O N G CCXX.

**A** Thousand different Arts I try'd  
 To vary *Celia's* Face;  
 And at each Alteration spy'd  
 Some new resistless Grace.

Now chearful Mirth, with gay Delight,  
 Shines in her Eyes confels'd;  
 Now Sorrow clouds their beamy Light,  
 And heaves her snowy Breast.

Each diff'rent Turn of Mirth, or Spleen,  
 Still gave the Maid new Charms;  
*Anger* alone remain'd unseen,  
 Which ev'ry Nymph disarms.

Fair-one, can you forgive the Art  
 Which did your Wrath provoke;  
 Alas! far distant from my Heart  
 Was that rash Word I spoke.

And know, this Passion only shew'd  
 New Graces to my Sight;  
 Your Cheeks with brighter Beauties glow'd,  
 Your Eyes flash'd keener Light.

Like *Semele's*, my daring Aim  
 Would on *Jove's* Lightnings gaze;  
 But sunk amidst the fatal Flame,  
 And perish'd in the Blaze.

## S O N G CCXXI.

**A**T dewy Dawn,  
 As o'er the Lawn,  
 Young *Roger* early stray'd,  
 He chanc'd to meet  
 With *Jenny* sweet,  
 The blooming Country Maid.

Her Cheeks so red,  
 With Blushes spread,  
 Shew'd like the breaking Day;  
 Her modest Look  
 The Shepherd took,  
 She stole his Heart away.

With tender Air  
 He woo'd the Fair,  
 And movingly address'd;  
 For Love divine  
 Can Clowns refine,  
 And warm the coldest Breast.

Her Eyes he prais'd,  
 And fondly gaz'd  
 On her enchanting Face,  
 Where Innocence  
 And Health dispense  
 Each winning rosy Grace.

Young *Jenny's* Breast  
 Love's Power confess'd,  
 And felt an equal Fire;  
 Nor had the Art  
 To hide her Smart,  
 Or check the soft Desire.

*Hymen* unites  
 In blissful Rites  
 The Fair, the matchless Two;  
 And Wedlock ne'er  
 Could boast a Pair  
 More lovely or more true.

Ye Rich and Great,  
 How seldom Fate  
 Gives you so mild a Doom!  
 Whose wand'ring Flames  
 And wanton Dames  
 A mutual Plague become.

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 Gives you so mild a Doom!  
 Whose wand'ring Flames  
 And wanton Dames  
 A mutual Plague become.

While Coach and Six  
Your Passion fix,  
You buy your State too dearly ;  
Ah, courtly Folks !  
You're but the Jokes  
Of those who love sincerely.

## S O N G CCXXII.

**L**ying is an Occupation,  
Us'd by all who mean to rise ;  
*Politicians* owe their Station  
But to well concerted Lyes.  
Those to *Lovers* give Assistance,  
To ensnare the Fair-one's Heart ;  
And the Virgin's best Resistance  
Yields to this commanding Art.  
Study this superior Science,  
Would you rise in Church or State :  
Bid to Truth a bold Defiance,  
'Tis the Practice of the Great.

## S O N G CCXXIII.

**T**O melancholy Thoughts a Prey,  
With Love and Grief oppress'd ;  
To Peace a Stranger all the Day,  
And all the Night to Rest.  
For thee, disdainful Fair, I pine,  
And waste the tender Sigh ;  
By that obdurate Heart of thine  
My balmy Blessings fly.  
O look to yon celestial Sphere,  
Where Souls in Rapture glow ;  
And dread to want that Mercy there  
Which you refus'd below.

## S O N G CCXXIV.

**S**OME for their Forms I have desir'd,  
 And others for their Wit admir'd;  
 Yet, Fair-one, I can truly vow,  
 I never, never lov'd, till now.  
 No Language can describe the Pain  
 Which in your Absence I sustain;  
 Or paint the rapturous Delight,  
 Which swells my Bosom at your Sight:  
 So when the golden Sun declines,  
 Sad *Heliotrope* her Head declines;  
 But quickens with his vital Ray,  
 And spreads her Beauties to the Day.

## S O N G CCXXV.

**O** Love! by thy Almighty Pow'r,  
 Transform me to that new blown Flow'r,  
 Which, fram'd for Sweetness and Delight,  
 Attracts my lov'd *Almeria's* Sight:  
 Behold, in vernal Beauty drest,  
 It decks the lovely Virgin's Breast;  
 Whence it superior Grace assumes,  
 And with unrivall'd Beauty blooms.

Why am I not that gentle Air,  
 Which flutters, fans, and cools the Fair!  
 Too happy Zephyr! balmy Gale!  
 That Fragrance from her Breath you steal;  
 See, while your Pain you softly sigh,  
 And on her snowy Bosom die;  
 Thy Goddess, *Flora*, jealous grows,  
 And with divine Resentment glows.

Why am I not that Bird, whose Note,  
 Sweet warbling in his liquid Throat,  
 Bids every Grove and Vale rejoice;  
 His tender, soft melodious Voice,  
 Nightly with his enchanting Strain,  
 Does, in the Woods, my *Love* detain,

Till, list'ning, she forgets to fear  
The Dangers that may threaten there:—

When *Phœbus* Darts direct his Beams,

*Almeria* seeks the cooling Streams;

The River God with Pride receives

*Almeria* to his azure Waves;

With murm'ring Joy they round her move,

And take her for the Queen of *Love*.

Ye Gods! were I that happy Stream!

How should my fierce, my rapid Flame—

Pardon, thou bright, thou matchless Fair!

The bold Presumption of my Pray'r;

Gladly would I my Being change,

Gladly from Form to Form I'd range;

Might I, in any Shape, delight

*Almeria*'s Sense, or please her Sight;

Or might those Variations prove

The Truth of my unalter'd *Love*.

# S O N G CCXXVI.

FROM courtly Ease, and splendid Scenes,

Behold Great *William* rous'd to Arms;

No Space, no Time, scarce intervenes,

But finds him 'midst the War's Alarms.

Early of virtuous Glory proud,

Behold him grasping at its Wreath;

The *Main* can witness how he stood

Undaunted at the Scenes of Death.

Still our young Hero onward flies,

For *Europe*'s Sake his Sword to draw;

In vain Great *Saxe* each Project tries,

For *William* his Designs foresaw.

All, that the Hero could engage,

He did at *Fontenoy* perform;

Regardless of the Battle's Rage,

He rode serene amidst the Storm.

Scarce



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Scarce had he view'd his native Shore;  
His suppliant *Britons* round him stand;  
His Presence and his Aid implore  
To drive Rebellion from our Land  
Warm to preserve *Britannia's* Laws,  
Her first Alarm his Cares excite;  
Still foremost in his Country's Cause,  
Her Troops to arm, or head the Fight!  
Impatient each brave Soldier stands  
Their Leader's Orders to obey,  
And, pleas'd, performs his dread Commands,  
Whilst he to Conquest leads the Way.  
March is the Word; Heart-gladd'ning Sound!  
Th' intrepid Ranks with Rervour glow;  
Inspir'd with Emulation round,  
Who shall rush foremost on the Foe,  
Rebellion heard his Voice, and flew  
To Mountains, odious for its Birth;  
Even thither onward *William* drew,  
To crush the Monster dead to Earth.  
Like *Marlbro's*, his terrific Name,  
Makes the Clans tremble from afar;  
Strikes their late vaunting Hero tame,  
And drives him hopeless of the War.  
On, glorious Prince! pursue them still,  
And let the dastard Villains know,  
'Tis thy own lov'd *Britannia's* Will  
None but her *George* shall reign below.

S O N G CCXXVII.

*On a Lady's being drowned.*

**F**AST by the Margin of the Sea,  
And on the damp and shelly Shore;  
A Swain in pensive Posture lay,  
And thus his hard Mishap deplore,  
His hard Mishap deplore.

O cruel

O cruel Fate, ah ! hapless Hour;  
 When I and *Celia* sail'd the Deep;  
 When, hush'd by some deluding Pow'r,  
 The Winds and Waves were laid asleep,  
     The Winds were laid asleep.

Too soon, alas ! the peaceful Scene  
 Chang'd to a Storm, the Tempests roar;  
 The Sky look'd black, the smoking Main  
 Dash'd its fierce Waves against the Shore,  
     Fierce Waves against the Shore.

'Twas then my Heart wept Drops of Blood,  
 And, like the Ship, was rent in Twain;  
 When *Celia* founde'r'd in the Flood,  
 Sunk, struggled, rose, and sunk again,  
     Sunk, rose, and sunk again.

Thrice did I plunge beneath the Waves,  
 To catch the sinking panting Fair;  
 Thrice made a vain Attempt to save,  
 I shriek'd, I rav'd in mad Despair,  
     I rav'd, in mad Despair.

How fain wou'd *Damon* then have dy'd,  
 And hurry'd to the World beneath;  
 To seek his *Love*, and by her Side  
 Lament her too untimely Death,  
     Her too untimely Death.

## S O N G CCXXVIII.

**P**retty Wanton, come away,  
     *Lovers* Month is always *May*;  
 Long have I, too long to say,  
 So'd the wanton Thing to play;  
 But, alas ! and well a-day,  
 When I sue, you cry me *Nay*,  
     *When I sue, &c.*

To

To requite my ling'ring Stay,  
 Pay me now, or never pay;  
 Nature smiles, and all is gay;  
 All is deck'd in best Array;  
 Pretty Wanton, come away,  
 Let us *love* the Month of *May*.

*Let us, &c.*

Little Wanton, let us rove  
 Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove;  
 There to hear the Turtle-Dove  
 Cooing Sonnets to its *Love*;  
 Every Turtle equals *Jove*,  
 Tho' the *God* for Beauty strove,

*Tho' the God, &c.*

Let us then our Times improve,  
 Sonnets may your Scorn remove,  
 Coyness doth not thee behave.  
 Wear the Wreath a Shepherd wove,  
 Little Wanton! let us rove,  
 Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove.

*Thro' the fragrant, &c.*

Prithee, Wanton, come away,  
 Slight not *Love* with cold Delay;  
 Every Field is green and gay,  
 Every Hawthorn's crown'd with *May*;  
 Jocund Birds, on ev'ry Spray,  
 Warble out the live-long Day,

*Warble, &c.*

Every Swain, in Shepherd's Grey,  
 Tunes his fav'rite Roundelay;  
 Tender Lambkins sportive fray,  
 Blossom Buds their Sweets display;  
 Come, my Wanton, come away,  
 Let us *love* the Month of *May*.

*Let us, &c.*

## SONG CCXXIX.

**V**IEW my Eyes, my lovely Charmer,  
 Constancy has now the Day ;  
 Tell me not my Heart was warmer,  
 When it us'd to go astray :  
*Love*, in Youth, doth fiercely blaze,  
 But so strong it never stays ;  
*Love* in Youth does fiercely blaze,  
 But so strong it never stays.

If I follow'd every Creature,  
 Sure the Fault may be forgiv'n ;  
 'Tis the Frailty of our Nature,  
 Who can change the Will of *Heav'n* ?  
 Tho' the Object might be new,  
 Yet to *Love* I still was true ;  
 Tho' the Object, &c.

*Cupid*, Guardian of my Heart,  
 Let it loose to range a-while ;  
 In each Eye it found a Dart,  
 And engag'd by every Smil  
 Thus it was for you design'd,  
 Form'd by Practice to his Mind ;  
 Thus it was, &c.

*Cupid*, to me ever kind,  
 Kept the purest of the Fire ;  
 Dross consum'd my Heart refin'd,  
 Made it flame with soft Desire :  
 Such a Flame as will be true,  
 Such the *Gods* reserv'd for you ;  
 Such a Flame, &c.



## S O N G CCXXX.

**A**H! cruel bloody Fate, what canst thou now do more?

Alas! 'tis now too late *Philander* to restore;

Why should the heav'nly Powers persuade poor Mortals to believe

They guard us here, and reward us there, yet all our Joys deceive?

Her *Poniard* then she took, and held it with her Hand,

And with a dying Look cry'd, Thus I Fate command:  
*Philander*, ah! my *Love*, I come to meet thy Shade below;

Ah! I come, she cry'd, with 'a Wound so wide, there needs no second Blow.

In purple Waves her Blood ran streaming down the Floor,

Unmov'd, she saw the Flood, and bless'd her dying Hour;

*Philander*, ah! *Philander* still, the bleeding *Phillis* cry'd;

She wept a-while, then forc'd a Smile, then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.

## S O N G CCXXXI.

**W**HEN *Chloe* by your Slave pursu'd,  
Why should you fly so fast?

So the stray'd *Fawn* i'th' pathless Wood

To her lost Dam makes Haste:

Each Noise alarms, and all Things add

New Terrors to her Fear;

She starts at every dancing Shade,

Each Breath of singing Air.

With

With ev'ry Leaf, each Bush that shakes  
 Throughout the marm'ring Grove,  
 Her sympathetic Heart partakes,  
 She trembles as they move.  
 Fond *Maid* ! unlike the Wolf and Boar,  
 I hunt not too destroy ;  
 My utmost Prey would be no more  
 Than you might give with Joy.  
 Urg'd on by soft and gentle *Love*  
 I harmlessly pursue ;  
 Your Flight to me may cruel prove,  
 But not my Chace to you.  
 Cease, idle Dreams of fancied Harm,  
 To childish Fears Trapans ;  
 Leave Running to thy Mother's Arms,  
 Who now art fit for *Man's*.

## S O N G CCXXXII.

**I**F you would keep your *Damon* true,  
 And constant as before ;  
 Let him perceive no Change in you,  
 And he'll be false no more.  
 'Tis not that *Celia* is more fair,  
 Or has more Charms than you ;  
 But that she's less disturb'd with Care,  
 If he be false or true.

Why then should you disgrace with Tears  
 That Face which once was gay ?  
 Or why should you distract with Fears  
 That Heart which once was *May* ?  
 Let Smiles again adorn your Face,  
 Again be gay and glad ;  
 And he'll again resume his Place,  
 Or else by *Jove* he's mad.

## SONG CCXXXIII.

**T**RUST not, *Man*, for he'll deceive you,  
Treachery is his sole Intent;

First he'll court you, then he'll leave you,

Poor deluded to lament :

Listen to a kind Adviser,

Men pursue but to perplex ;

Wou'd you happy be, grow wiser,

And avoid the faithless *Sex*.

Form'd by Nature to undo us,

They escape our utmost Heed ;

Oh ! how humble when they woo us,

Oh ! how vain when they succeed.

So the Bird, when once deluded

By the artful Fowler's Snare,

Mourns out Life, in Cage secluded,

Virgins, then, in Time beware.

## SONG CCXXXIV.

**W**HAT means fair *Chloe's* mournful Eyes,  
Those Sighs that heave her Breast ?

Sure some curs'd Fate in Envy tries

To invade my Fair-one's Rest.

Oh ! speak, dear Nymph, declare the Cause

Of so much anxious Pain ;

Methinks those Tears pronounce the Loss

Of some dear lovely *Swain*.

Those blooming Cheeks, like Roses dy'd,

Thro' Sorrow seem to fade ;

These Eyes the radiant *Sun* outv'y'd

O'ercast a gloomy Shade.

Sooner than they shall close with Grief,

Or *Chloe* wear the Willow ;

Kind *Cupid*, send us both Relief,

And bless me on her Pillow.

## SONG CCXXXV.

**H**ARD Fate to sigh, to sigh in vain,  
 Despairing *Sylvia* cries,  
 Debarr'd the Freedom to complain  
 But thro' a Lover's Eyes.

And those unguarded ever speak,  
 Betrayers of my Heart ;  
 For, ah ! our Wiles are all too weak  
 These to disguise by Art.

Thus hopeless must I e'er remain  
 Like *Ghosts* about their Treasure ;  
 Till spoke to first, ne'er speak again,  
 Still wanting *Strephon's* Leisure.

Dear, thoughtless *Man*, a Stranger to  
 The Secrets of this Breast,  
 That's his, from Inclination true,  
 More constant that 'tis blest.

There cou'd he see, and conscious know  
 The Torments of Neglect ;  
 They soon wou'd teach him how to shew  
 More Love, and less Neglect.

## SONG CCXXXVI.

**N**OT this blooming *April* Season  
 Can relieve my aching Heart ;  
 Spite of all the Force of Reason,  
 Still I act a frantic Part.

As the Canker eats the *Roses*,  
 And the springing Green destroys ;  
 So Despair my Rest opposes,  
 And consumes my rising Joys.

Ev'ry Valley, Field, and Mountain,  
 Flow'ry Plain, and verdant Grove,  
 Warbling Bird, and sparkling Fountain,  
 Minds me of my luckless *Love* :

When



When the Cowslip I discover,  
 Springing o'er the Primrose fair;  
 Thee (I sigh) my gentle Lover!  
 Wou'd have cropt to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting  
 By some Hawthorn blooming Tree,  
 All my Sorrows recollecting,  
*Love*, I cry, resembles thee;  
 He all flow'ry can appear,  
 To conceal his poison'd Dart;  
 But the Wretch that trusts him near  
 Grasps a Thorn, and wounds the Heart.

## S O N G CCXXXVII.

**O**F every Sweet that glads the Spring,  
 A Tribute to thy Charms I'll bring;  
 I'll imitate the busy Bee,  
 To make a fragrant Crown for thee.

When from the Plains we're chac'd away,  
 By the fierce God that rules the Day;  
 I'll lead thee to the Shades and Streams,  
 To shield thee from his scorching Beams.

And when to Rest her Eyes incline,  
 And Light, nor they, no longer shine;  
 The fairest Fleece of every Sheep  
 My *Love* shall Press in peaceful Sleep.

From all the Ills that Life invade,  
 I'll guard the dear, the *beauteous* Maid;  
 My tender faithful Care shall prove,  
 None watch so well as those that *love*.

## SONG CCXXXVIII.

**Y**E Gods, I foolishly deny'd  
 My *Strephon*'s last Address ;  
 Provok'd, he now no more reply'd,  
 But left me in Distress.

Oh ! *Cupid*, send your surest Dart,  
 And straight command his Stay ;  
 Let him once more but ask my Heart,  
 I'll never more say, Nay.

Thus happy Moments oft we lose,  
 By some ill Fate inspir'd ;  
 At once capriciously refuse  
 The Thing we most admir'd ;  
 No more I'll blame *Love*'s ruling Pow'r,  
 Or curse his just Decree ;  
 'Twas I that fix'd th'unlucky Hour,  
 And 'twas confirm'd by me.

## SONG CCXXXIX.

## The COQUETTE.

**A**T the Close of the Day,  
 When the *Bean* flow'r and *Hay*  
 Breath'd Odours in every Wind ;  
*Love* enliven'd the Veins  
 Of the Damsels and *Swains*,  
 Each Glance and each Action was kind,  
 Each Glance and each Action was kind.

*Molly*, wanton and free,  
*Kiss'd*, and sat on each Knee,  
 Fond Extasy swam in her Eyes ;  
 See, thy Mother is near,  
 Hark ! she calls thee to hear  
 What Age and Experience advise,  
 What Age, &c.

Hast

Hast thou seen the blith Dove  
Stretch her Neck to her *Love*,

All glossy, with Purple and Gold ;

If a *Kiss* he obtain,

She repeats it again,

What follows you need not be told,

What follows, &c.

Look ye, Mother, she cry'd,

You instruct me in Pride,

And Men by Good-manners are won ;

She who trifles with all

Is less likely to fall,

Than she who trifles with one,

Than she, &c.

Prithee, *Molly*, be wise,

Lest by sudden Surprise

*Love* should tingle in every Vein ;

Take a *Shepherd* for Life,

And, when once you're a *Wife*,

You safely may trifle again,

You safely, &c.

*Molly*, smiling, reply'd,

Then I'll soon be a Bride,

Old *Roger* has Gold in his Chest ;

But I thought all you *Wives*

Chose a Man for your Lives,

And trifled no more with the rest,

And trifled, &c.

## S O N G CCXL.

**F**ILL, fill, fill the Glass,  
 Briskly put it round ;  
 Joyful News, at last,  
 Let the Trumpets sound.

Join with lofty Strains  
 Lovely Nymphs, jolly Swains ;  
 Peace and Plenty shall again  
 With Wealth be crown'd.

Come, come, come, sweet Peace,  
 Thou most welcome Guest ;  
 Let all Discord cease,  
 Harmony abound.

## S O N G CCXLI.

*Ode to WISDOM, by a Lady.*

**T**H E solitary Bird of Night  
 Thro' the thick Shades now wings his Flight,  
 And quits his Time shook Tow'r ;  
 Where, shelter'd from the Blaze of Day,  
 In philosophic Gloom he lay,  
 Beneath his Ivy Bow'r.

With Joy I hear the solemn Sound,  
 Which midnight Ecchoes waft around,  
 And sighing Gales repeat ;  
 Fav'rite of *Pallas* ! I attend,  
 And, faithful to thy Summons, bend  
 At *Wisdom's* awful Seat.

She loves the cool, the silent Eve,  
 Where no false Shews of Life deceive,  
 Beneath the Lunar Ray ;  
 Here Folly drops each vain Disguise,  
 Nor sport her gaily-coloured Dyes,  
 As in the Beam of Day.

Oh!



Oh! *Pallas*, Queen of ev'ry Art,  
 That glads the Sense, or mends the Heart,  
 Bless'd Source of purer Joys!  
 In ev'ry Form of Beauty bright,  
 That captivates the *mental* Sight  
 With Pleasure and Surprize.

To thy unspotted Shrine I bow,  
 Attend my modest suppliant's Vow,  
 That breathes no wild Desires;  
 But taught by thy unerring Rules,  
 To shun the fruitless Wish of Fools,  
 To nobler Views aspires.

Not *Fortune's* Gem, *Ambition's* Plume,  
 Nor *Cytherea's* fading Bloom,  
 Be Objects of my Pray'r;  
 Let *Avarice*, *Vanity*, and *Pride*,  
 Those envying glitt'ring Joys divide,  
 The dull Rewards of Care.

To me thy better Gifts impart,  
 Each moral Beauty of the Heart,  
 By studious Thought refin'd;  
 For *Wealth*, the Smiles of glad Content;  
 For *Pow'r*, its amplest, best Extent,  
 An Empire o'er my Mind.

When *Fortune* drops her gay Parade,  
 When *Pleasure's* transient Roses fade,  
 And wither in the Tomb;  
 Unchang'd is thy immortal Prize,  
 Thy ever verdant Lawrels rise  
 In undecaying Bloom.

By thee protected, I defy  
 The Coxcomb's Sneer, the stupid Lye  
 Of Ignorance and Spite;  
 Alike condemn the leaden Fool,  
 And all the pointed Ridicule  
 Of undiscerning *Wit*.

From

From Envy, Hurry, Noise, and Strife,  
The dull Impertinence of Life,

In thy Retreat I rest;  
Pursue thee to the peaceful Groves,  
Where *Plato's* sacred Spirit roves,  
In all thy Beauties drest.

He bid *Illyssus'* tuneful Stream  
Convey thy philosophic Theme

Of *Perfect, Fair, and Good*;  
Attentive *Athens* caught the Sound,  
And all her list'ning Sons around  
In awful Silence stood:

Reclaim'd her wild, licentious Youth,  
Confess'd the potent Voice of *Truth*,  
And felt its just Controul;

The *Passions* ceas'd their loud Alarms,  
And *Virtue's* most persuasive Charms  
O'er all their Senses stole.

Thy *Breath* inspires the *Poet's* Song,  
The *Patriot's* free, unbiass'd Tongue,  
The *Hero's* gen'rous Strife;

*Thine* are, *Retirements*, silent Joys,  
And all the sweet engaging Ties  
Of *still, domestic* Life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,  
To the supreme all-perfect Mind,

My Thoughts direct their Flight;  
Wisdom's thy Gift, and all her Force  
From thee deriv'd, eternal Source  
Of intellectual Light.

O send her sure, her steady Ray,  
To regulate my doubtful Way,  
Thro' Life's perplexing Road;

The Mists of Error to controul,  
And thro' its Gloom direct my Soul  
To Happiness and Good.

Beneath

Beneath her clear discerning Eye,  
 The visionary Shadows fly  
 Of Folly's painted Show ;  
 She sees thro' ev'ry fair Disguise,  
 That all, but *Virtue's* solid Joys,  
 Are Vanity and Woe.

## S O N G CCXLII.

CAN there be, ye Powers above,  
 Perfect Happiness, 'tis *Love*.  
 Can Man know a greater Bliss,  
 Than the sweet, the balmy *Kiss* ;  
 Soothing Looks, each grateful Smile,  
 All that can the Heart beguile,  
 All that can the Heart beguile ?

Why so often do I sigh,  
 Pine alone, yet know not why ?  
*Love* has surely vanquish'd me,  
 And makes me own his Deity.  
 Mild, as Queen of fond Desires,  
 Is the Fair my Soul inspires,

Is the Fair my Soul inspires.

Wanton *Cupid*, search around  
 All *Arcadia's* verdant Ground ;  
 Tell the Fair for her I sigh ;  
 Tell the Fair for her I die.

*Venus*, Queen of fondest *Love*,  
 To my Wish propitious prove,

To my Wish propitious prove.

God of *Love*, and pleasing Charms,  
 Give the Fairest to my Arms :  
 You who fighting *Lovers* aid,  
 Warm with *Love* the lovely Maid ;  
 Only this I ask of thee,

Conquer her, as thou hast me,

Conquer her, as thou hast me.

## S O N G CCXLIII.

ON thy fair Banks, oh *Medway* long,

A Youth his Sheep had fed;

On thy fair Banks, his future Care,

The tender Lambkins stray'd:

Happy, had Fate detain'd at Home

The simple Youth too fond to roam.

Happy, alas! 'till curious, late,

He listen'd to the Tale;

Near *Tunbridge* salutary Springs,

What *Beauties* grace the Vale?

*Beauties*, that make the barren Soil

And craggy Rocks of *Tunbridge* smile.

He came, and *Celia*'s dang'rous Charms

Beheld with eager Gaze:

So, round a Torch's glimm'ring Light,

Th' admiring Insect plays;

Like that he gaz'd, and, in his Turn,

He saw it shine, and felt it burn.

Th' unhappy Youth, by *Love* undone,

By late Experience found,

That *Celia*'s Scorn denied the Cure,

Whose Eyes had giv'n the Wound;

Helpless, and hopeless, pin'd away,

In Tears by Night, and Sighs by Day.

By *Collin*'s Fate, be warn'd to view

The *Fair*, with cautious Eyes;

This Place is *Cupid*'s Empire Seat,

And who can shun Surprise?

Since few can hope, and all must fear,

Where *Kingsey* Mead and *Byer* appear.

## S O N G CCXLIV.

SEE! from the silent Grove *Alexis* flies,

And seeks, with every pleasing Art,

To ease the Pain which lovely Eyes

Created in his Heart.



To shining Theatres he now repairs,  
 To learn *Camilla's* moving Airs,  
 Where thus to Music's Pow'r he thus address'd his  
 Prayers:

Charming Sounds that sweetly languish,

*Music* oh! compose my Anguish!

Every Passion yields to thee;

*Phœbus*, quickly then relieve me,

*Cupid* shall no more deceive me,

I'll to sprightlier Joys be free,

I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.

*Apollo* heard the foolish Swain,

He knew when *Daphne* once he lov'd,

How weak, t' assuage an am'rous Pain,

His own harmonious Art had prov'd,

And all his healing Herbs how vain.

Then thus he strikes the speaking Strings,

Preluding to his Voice and sings:

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;

Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee,

*Music* is the Voice of *Love*.

If the fonder *Maid* believe thee,

Soft, relenting, kind, consenting,

Will alone thy Pain remove.

Will alone thy Pain remove.

### S O N G CCXLV.

**H**OW long, *Elixa*, must I languish,  
 And waste my Soul in tender Anguish?

How long thus drag out Life in vain?

Consider Time is swiftly flying,

Consider ev'ry Day is dying,

And never will return again,

And never will return again.

O! let not Pride, and foolish Fashion,

And too much Prudence starve my Passion;

Consult sometimes the gen'rous Breast:

There

There is the Seat of real Pleasure,  
 There *Love* creates the noblest Treasure:  
 'Tis solid Wisdom to be blest,  
 'Tis solid Wisdom to be blest.

## S O N G CCXLVI.

**W**HILE in a Bow'r, with *Beauty* blest,  
 The *lov'd*, the *lov'd*, *Aminor* lies;  
 While, sinking on *Lucinda's* Breast,  
 He fondly *kiss'd* her *Eyes*:  
 A wakeful *Nightingale* who long  
 Had mourn'd, had mourn'd within the Shade,  
 Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song,  
 And warbled thro' the Glade.  
 Melodious Songstress, cry'd the Swain,  
 To Shades, to Shades less happy go;  
 Or, if thou wilt with us remain,  
 Forbear, forbear thy tuneful Woe!  
 While in *Lucinda's* Arms I lie,  
 To Song, to Song, I am not free;  
 On her soft *Bosom* while I lie,  
 I Discord find in thee.

## S O N G CCXLVII.

*She.* **H**ENCE, thou Deceiver,  
 Never, ah! never  
 Wilt thou return to thy *Chloe* again;  
 Grown, in your Leisure,  
 Fond of new Pleasure,  
 Some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain.

*He.* Dry up those Showers,  
 Sweeter than Flowers;  
 Look in the Fountain, and see thyself there:  
 Where is the Creature,  
 Throughout all Nature,  
 Half so engaging, so sweet, and so fair?

*She.*

*She.* Go——you'll deceive me——  
 No——I'll believe thee——  
 Lean on my *Breast*, and thy Constancy swear ;  
 Shou'd you deceive me,  
 Or ever leave me,  
*Chloe* would languish and die with Despair.

*He.* My sweetest Treasure,  
 Every Pleasure,  
 Every Charm in my *Chloe* I find :  
 And all the Graces  
 Of newest Faces,  
 Call but my *Chloe* back into my Mind!

## S O N G CCXLVII.

**W**HEN *Chloe* was by *Damon* seen,  
 What Heart cou'd be unmov'd ?  
 She look'd so like the *Cyprian* Queen,  
 He gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.  
 He lov'd, alas ! but lov'd in vain,  
 And full of Grief and Care ;  
 He knew, he never could obtain  
 The lovely charming Fair.  
*Chloe* deserv'd a better Swain,  
 He not so fair a Bride ;  
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,  
 He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd ;  
 Take Pity then, thou charming Maid,  
 For *Chloe's* Case is thine ;  
 I dare not ask, so much I dread,  
 Must *Damon's* Fate be mine ?

## S O N G CCXLVIII.

**K**IND God of Sleep, since it must be  
 That we resign some Hours to thee ;  
 Invade me not, when the full Bowl  
 Glows in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul ;

R

Thee

Then only I thy Aid implore,  
 When I can laugh, and drink no more;  
 Short, very short, be then thy Reign,  
 I haste to laugh, and drink again.

But, oh! if, melting in my Arms,  
 The *Nymph*, adorn'd with all her Charms,  
 In pleasing Dreams shou'd me surprize,  
 And grant what waking she denies;  
 Then prithee, gentle Slumber, stay,  
 And slow, and slowly bring the Day.  
 If Fancy can such Bliss bestow,  
 Who would not be deluded so?

## SONG CEXLIX

**V**ulcan, contrive me such a Cup,  
 As *Nestor* us'd of Old;  
 Try all thy Skill to trim it up,  
 And damask it round with Gold:  
 Make it so large, when fill'd with Punch,  
 Up to the swelling Brim;  
 Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,  
 (Like Ships at Sea) may swim.  
 Carve me thereon a curling Vine,  
 And add two lovely Boys;  
 Whose Limbs in am'rous Folds entwine,  
 The Types of future Joys.  
*Cupid* and *Bacchus* my Gods are,  
 May *Love* and *Wine* still reign;  
 With *Wine* I wash away my Care,  
 And then to *Love* again.



## S O N G CCL.

**T**HE Charms which *Beauty* blooming shews,  
 In Fancy's heav'nly Fair,  
 We to the *Lilly* and the *Rose*,  
 With 'semblance apt compare ;  
 With 'semblance apt; for ah ! how soon,  
 How soon they all decay ?  
 The *Lilly* droops, the *Rose* is gone,  
 And Beauty fades away,

*And Beauty, &c.*

But when bright *Virtue* stands confest,  
 With sweet Discretion join'd ;  
 With Mildness calms the peaceful Breast,  
 And *Wisdom* guides the Mind.  
 When Charms, like these, conspire,  
 Thy Person to approve ;  
 They kindle gen'rous chaste Desire,  
 And everlasting Love,

*And everlasting, &c.*

## S O N G CCLI.

**W**oman, thoughtless, giddy Creature,  
 Laughing Idle, flatt'ring Thing ;  
 Most fantastic Work of Nature,  
 Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.  
 Slaves to every changing Passion,  
 Loving, hating, in Extream ;  
 Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,  
 And, at best, a pleasing Dream.  
 Lovely Trifle ! dear Illusion !  
 Conqu'ring Weakness, wish'd-for Pain ;  
 Man's chief Glory and Confusion,  
 Of all Vanities most vain.  
 Thus deriding Beauty's Power,  
 We will call it all a Cheat ;  
 But, in less than half an Hour,  
 Kneel and whine at *Celia's* Feet.

S O N

## S O N G CCLII.

**Z** *Eno, Plato, Aristotle,*  
 All are Lovers of the Bottle ;  
*Poets, Painters, and Musicians,*  
*Churchmen, Lawyers, and Physicians,*  
 All admire a pretty Lass,  
 All require a chearful Glas ;  
 Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,  
 Love and Drinking are no Treason,  
 Love and Drinking, &c.

## S O N G CCLIII.

**M**usic has Pow'r to melt the Soul,  
 By Beauty Nature sway'd ;  
 Each can the Universe controul,  
 Without the other's Aid ;  
 Each can the Universe controul,  
 Without the other's Aid.  
 But here together both appear,  
 And Force united try ;  
 Music enchants the list'ning Ear,  
 And Beauty charms the Eye ;  
 Music enchants the list'ning Ear,  
 And Beauty charms the Eye.  
 What Cruelty' these Powers to join !  
 These Transports who can bear ?  
 O let the Sound be less divine,  
 Or look the Nymph less fair ;  
 O let the Sound be less divine,  
 Or look the Nymph less fair.



F I N I S.